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## A COMMENTARY UPON MENDELSSOHN

By HUBERT J. FOSS

(Continued from May number, page 405.)

In music none has been more comfortable than Mendelssohn, save his lesser satellites. The easy financial circumstances of his life reacted in the strongest degree upon his mind, and became a visible characteristic from end to end and in every aspect of his music. You have this pretty figure of a man who could sketch, play all games, dance, ride, and swim, improvise and play and memorise anything, all with consummate grace and skill. Just so, too, he could compose, and nearly always as he remained content with his circumstances, so he remained content to express them in his music. Mendelssohn was nothing if he was not a gentleman.\* A more polite musician has never been. The roughness of Bottom and the Bergamask dancers is portrayed indeed, but with the gentle air of drawing-room charades. Occasionally through the mists of pleasant gentility there could be seen a man; of these times I can speak later in high praise. But frequently the central ideas are infected; the fundamental law of contrast becomes merely an *agitato* that can only cause a pleasant flutter, until placidity is restored by the returning suavity of the familiar (familiar, indeed, when born) first subject. So, too, in construction, there is along with a genuine constructive ability, an unwillingness or inability to press things home, and often the moment comes when, though grace sanctions the recapitulation, commonsense condemns it; form is too often a technical and not a spiritual thing in Mendelssohn.

The desire for comfort can be traced further. There is that endless outpouring of sweet melodies, a stream that never brings itself to cease, however poorly it trickles. Sometimes it is like the water that, falling over the concrete rocks at the exhibition, flows down the vent and so up the pipe to the head of the fall. How we long for some harmonic idea, some pure rhythm, some simplicity of musical conception! Then, too, the rippling and beating accompaniments, the production of sustained tone with a percussion instrument. Apart from the endless procession of tonic, dominant, and subdominant, producing an effect like that of a marching column of soldiers which stretches out of sight, there is the absence in the composer of a purely rhythmic belief in the figures he has created. They are background, and the musical idea of them never

seems to seize his brain nor the rhythmic element in them to beat his imagination into a passion. For all his faculty of utilising to the full his material, Mendelssohn seems never to have thought musically of his ideas once he had decided on them as subjects. Finally, there is the continual reliance placed upon the sixth and third—most easily appreciated of all intervals, and therefore most easily tired of. Compare with Chopin's tenth, or Schubert's low third, or Brahms's heavy triads, or Liszt's full chords, these recurring thirds, figures in sixths, and common chords broken into the same intervals, that endlessly contented Mendelssohn. One longs again for the bare fifth, the unaccompanied melody, the clear point of physical assonance given by an isolated chord.

There are obvious points of touch between Mendelssohn and another true Victorian, Tennyson, and I am convinced that a closer examination than can be hinted at here would lead not only to an interesting study, but also to the revelation of several good points which our modern reactions and our fathers' adulation have hidden. There is indication that Tennyson to-day is being treated by both parties as a poet rather than as a saint or a sinner, and the same is beginning to occur with Mendelssohn. The criticism of Mr. Colles, that Mendelssohn 'just missed appealing strongly to men of all times because in the greater number of his works he was content to have expressed himself in the most perfect way possible,' has an obvious application to Tennyson. Further, we see a lack of intellect in both men that compares oddly with their artistic positions. Browning seems to have begun writing at an intellectual point far ahead of that at which Tennyson had said his say; and so we think of Berlioz with Mendelssohn. In this connection comes in the point of popularity already dealt with. Tennyson is clearly comparable to Mendelssohn in the matter of common and universal ideas. But we can enlarge this point. Both had unseeing eyes, not in observation, but in the deductions that follow it; for both, combined with their gentlemanlike nobility and high-minded superiority, had natures that accept rather than inquire, and receive rather than discover. Neither was touched by that healthy spirit of scepticism which came upon men as tongues of fire as the century wore on. We can say that both were inclined to believe what they were told, and not to use their faculties of sensation to discover the truth or knowledge of the letter. Other points of contact are their respective stocks of humour, and their avowed philosophy of *μηδὲν ἄγαν*. We can even press the point down to moods. The poem, *Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea*, closely corresponds, artistically, to the *Lied Ohne Worte*:



\* See Samuel Butler's comments, and the last of the letters collected in his essay 'The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog,' in *The Humour of Homer*.

and the *Notturmo* is indeed near to the mood of:

And oft in ramblings on the wold  
When April nights began to blow,  
And April's crescent glimmered cold,  
I saw the village lights below.

Compare the beautiful, useless verse in some of the *Idylls* with the perfect suavity of the *Reformation Symphony*. Again, how Tennysonian is *Melusine*, and how like Mendelssohn the all-too-admirable *St. Agnes' Eve*!

The careful examination for critical purposes of all Mendelssohn's output is too long a process to justify the slender material value it would yield. That is not to say that there are no musical discoveries to be made in his extensive production, but it is an assertion that neither Mendelssohn's musical characteristics, nor the places where he transcended his normal self and capabilities, are considerable in number or scope. A closer examination, therefore, of a few of his works will give a big enough basis for judgement to allow anyone not engaged on an exhaustive book to select and generalise. I propose to discuss here only the *Hebrides Overture*, the *Prelude and Fugue in E minor*, and the *Violin Concerto*, and to derive from them enough musical practice to exemplify the theory displayed above.

Of Mendelssohn's Overtures, those that have breath left in them breathe it only in the concert-room and in the theatre. The live ones, then, are virtually symphonic poems or one-movement symphonies. It is significant that the four big and successful Overtures were written when Mendelssohn had produced only one orchestral three-movement work that has survived at all, *i.e.*, the *Pianoforte Concerto in G minor*—not one of his important works. His three Symphonies and his *Violin Concerto* came later, and it would be possible to consider the Overtures as examples of the successful handling of a smaller form in preparation for bigger symphonic work. In the region of symphonic music, however, Mendelssohn never surpassed the *Hebrides Overture*, and it is clear that he needed both a shorter space than the full symphony to fill with the development of his ideas, and also the stimulus of outside suggestion—either that of a subject, as in these Overtures, or that of words and dramatic situations, as in *Elijah* and *St. Paul*.

The *Hebrides Overture* is the best exponent in all Mendelssohn's music of the influence of external objects upon his imagination. The term programme-music has come to be expanded with an unpleasant vagueness of meaning to music which is better called characteristic, and even to dramatic music—to all music, that is, which has a definite and stated connection with any objects outside its own province. Such a use of the term programme-music might include in its embrace the three Symphonies of Mendelssohn's

maturity, and an enormous quantity of the music written since Mendelssohn's time, from Schumann's *Carnaval* down to Delius's *First Cuckoo*. But as Parry says, in *Grove*, in his article on the *Symphony*:

... though Mendelssohn often adopted the appearance of programme, and gained some advantages by it, he never—in order to express his external ideas with more poetical consistency—relaxed any of the familiar principles of structure which are regarded as orthodox. He was, in fact, a thorough-going classicist. He accepted formulas with perfect equanimity, and aimed at resting the value of his works upon the vivacity of his ideas and the great mastery he had obtained in technical expression and clearness and certainty of orchestration.

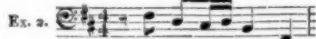
This sentence, though written about the Symphonies, applies so forcibly to the Overtures—and particularly to the *Hebrides Overture*—that the repetition is amply justified, containing as it does some pungent general criticism of Mendelssohn. In the *Hebrides*, Mendelssohn wrote music whose conception had been influenced by things seen, and though that influence had been strong, and had produced an occasional effect in the written music which approaches the imitative, yet the music is music only from the first to the last bar, and not a fulfilment of a programme. This conception is only slightly different in degree and not at all in kind from the normal conception of Beethoven and others. The attitude of Wagner throws some light on both the question of programme-music and the musical value of the *Hebrides Overture*. 'I dislike [he said on one occasion] everything in music that requires a verbal explanation beyond the actual sound.' On another occasion, he said: 'Mendelssohn is a landscape painter of the first order, and the *Hebrides Overture* is his masterpiece.' The passages in the work which may bring images or reminiscences to the minds of the hearers, such as that which Wagner picks out as descriptive of the sea winds over the seas, have musical beauty, and their communicative power, however full of association, is not based upon imitation but is purely musical. Another good example is the *tremolando* passage between the first and second subjects.

The *Hebrides Overture* as a whole, then, is fine music with a definite character lent it not by its title, but first by its conception and secondly by its scoring. Built upon a simple rhythmic phrase, the work is a complete development of this idea, and it stands as a highly imaginative and full statement of that phrase's possibilities. The work shows more of Mendelssohn's good qualities and less of his bad than any other in his catalogue, and, more than any other work, tends towards the refutation of the just criticism of Mr. Colles quoted above—for this Overture is not only a perfect way of expression, it is also imaginative music of a high order. But while it can be said that in the *Hebrides Overture* Mendelssohn had beautiful things to say and said them beautifully, with the result that the Overture is a work of the first interest, it is equally true that in emotional range

and content it does not rise to comparison with such works as those of Bach, Beethoven, or Mozart which we would not be without. The place of the *Hebrides* Overture in music is that to which Wagner has assigned it. It is a masterpiece of landscape painting, and so, only of its own kind, a masterpiece of music.

Of the technical points which arise in connection with this work, the first is the fact that Mendelssohn, employing the traditional first-movement form, has managed with great constructive skill to make of the one movement a complete, whole, and sufficient work. We observe, further, that an analysis of the work would be bound to rely more upon the actual sound than upon accepted formal principles which too often guide the analyst. For, at the outset, the principal subject is a mosaic of phrases: yet, withal, one virtue of the Overture is its economy of material—a virtue Mendelssohn commonly displayed. The first slight motive has something about it both descriptive and characteristic, a pregnant simplicity which at once catches the attention; it is a significant musical utterance:

Bassoon, Viola and 'Cello.



But the inspiration cannot last. The second subject when it appears is only a pleasant tune.

'Cello.



It provides material for emotional ebb and flow, is even in some ways descriptive, but its content is summed up by that weak and typical cadential phrase for which commonsense, one would have thought, would have asked for some alleviating colour in the scoring. It is interesting that the first phrase should throughout arouse Mendelssohn to a finer treatment than all the rest of the material. The re-entry of the first subject after the second is fully stated is most effective, back in the true spirit of the Overture; and so always with this melodic germ. The conventional major close with the assertive triads on the brass is the only stumbling-block I find in the whole work; and even so, Mendelssohn puts this flamboyant and vulgar passage, so doubtfully introduced, to intelligent use in the development.

The phrase:



is one that seems to me to sum up in its inherent energy the force of the whole Overture. The force of this—again a simple—motive is far greater than that usually displayed by Mendelssohn. Immediately after its introduction we have two curiously conflicting passages—the re-entry of the second subject, than which nothing conceivable could better display its natural unfitness, and then the *tranquillo* section, perfect introduction of familiar notes in unfamiliar guise, perfectly laid out, and continuing for exactly the perfect length. Another exquisite touch is the long scale which brings us to the *reprise*. The continuation of the flute-run here, and the immediate trill on the strings, are beautiful points of colour. Again, heralding the tonic statement of the second subject, there is that long oboe note—bold in a work so full of oboe colour—to which Wagner drew attention. Finally, there is the *Coda*, a section with a greater importance and length than most *Codas*, as it is used to put finality to the work in its single movement. It is, musically, a *tour de force*, largely consisting of very able passage-work reminiscent of the matter already heard, and constantly employing the semiquaver phrases on the strings that have done so much already to link the work together; but it would be hard to find a passage in classical music where matter apparently so unrelated was used to form an effective ending to a work. The long trumpet notes, the loud *staccatos*, and the flute-run, make a close of great beauty.

(To be continued.)

## SLENDER REPUTATIONS

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

How strange it is that some men who toiled long and painfully to achieve greatness, succeeded in doing nothing more notable than filling pages of catalogues with a wearisome record of their industry, while others, idlers and improvident, by a lucky thought won for themselves the gerdon of temporary immortality! The reputation least desired yet perhaps most widely achieved is that of a young lady of Minorca, whose sole title to fame is, so Edward Lear assures us, that her *aunt* was a very fast walker. To gain a reputation second-hand is risky (I am not thinking of Siegfried Wagner), but when that second-hand becomes an aunt the risk degenerates into a calamity. Think of the horror of being compelled to bear the reputations of all one's aunts, and having to own to being a spiteful cat, a dangerous gossip, a bad loser at croquet, and an untidy needlewoman. No, the lady of Minorca won her great reputation very easily, and she is to be congratulated that she was none the worse for it.

When we study history, the ridiculous ease with which some men have picked up immortal crowns, compared with the hopeless struggles of others who have had to be content with picking up crusts

from the gutter, is immediately apparent. A cursory glance at any anthology of verse will be sufficient for our purpose. We shall find the great names duly represented by poems which we more or less know and respect, but real familiarity, even though it be accompanied by contempt, will be reserved for Mr. Charles Wolfe. I do not suppose that one person in a thousand knows who he was. Well, he was an Irish clergyman who wrote *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, a poem with little value either as history or as poetry. Written more than a hundred years ago, it has been printed in every English Reader from that day until this and will probably continue to be printed until the decline and fall of the British Empire. Perhaps he wrote many poems, all of which, with this exception, were failures, just as Boccherini wrote stacks of chamber music of which all is forgotten except the justly famous *Minuet* in A.

Exactly what Jarnefelt's musical output is, I cannot discover, but fortune has been kinder to him than to many men who would seem to be equally, or more, deserving. I suppose that there is not any orchestra, English or foreign, professional or amateur, which has not performed the famous *Preludium* at some time or other.

All composers are not so fortunate as Boccherini or Jarnefelt. Joachim Raff, in industry and ability, surpassed both these composers, but of all his vast output scarcely anything except his *Cavatina* is remembered to-day. Carl Czerny, the most tireless waster of good paper, has earned nothing from posterity but a sigh or a sob from a desperate infant. There is another composer, still living, who has already passed Czerny's opus figure and is romping through the early thousands, for all the world like a cricketer whose ambition it is to score the envied three thousand runs in one season. I cannot but admire the altruistic spirit of these fellows. Here are men technically capable of writing the profoundest symphonies, willingly sacrificing their unquestionable right to immortality in their desire to supply the musical needs of adolescent humanity. They worked hard, and they deservedly won the just reward of their labour.

There is another class of fame-winners—men who had little talent, did little work, and yet won a lifelong immortality, which is after all what most of us desire. *Facile princeps* in this little band of Immortals is Charles D. Blake, who, as every one knows, wrote a *Grand March*. Was it born grand, or had it grandness thrust upon it? If so, by whom? By the composer? He knew better. By the public? The public is not such a fool. It must then have been the printer, with an uproarious sense of humour. Nor far behind Charles D. Blake would walk Frederick Scotson-Clarke, whose *Marches* though undeservedly popular never arrogated the title 'Grand.' Conspicuous by the honest simplicity of his countenance would be seen William Jackson (of Exeter). Our forefathers who ranked Jackson next to the writer of the *Pentateuch* were fearful

lest their inspired William should be mistaken for Jackson of London, or Jackson of Timbuctoo, so to prevent confusion they always added, after his name, the pious parenthesis—(of Exeter).

Others in this immortal company are the composers of spurious works such as *Weber's last waltz*, *Beethoven's Adieu to the Piano*, and works of varying merit such as *Narcissus*, *All Souls' Day*, *Abide with me*, and *The Maiden's Prayer*.

What, then, have these men done to obtain everlasting life? They did nothing heroic, as did Lord Nelson; they added nothing to the philosophy of life, as did Pasteur and Newton; they contributed nothing to the happiness or misery of life, as did Aristophanes and Napoleon. True, but perhaps they gave mankind something that mankind was wanting. They are the inventors not of Rolls-Royce cars, or equatorial telescopes, but of small patents which are very useful to us in our daily lives, though by no means indispensable.

It is given to few men to invent the spinning-jenny, the linotype, the steam-engine, and the root of all modern evil—the internal combustion engine. Beethoven may be the Nasmyth of music, but Nasmyth-hammers are useless when it is a question of hanging up a picture on the wall, and the Beethoven-Hammerclavier is apt to be out of place at a village social. So also Wagner may be the Marconi of music, but there will always be use in the world for the modest half-penny pencil.

We must therefore thank heaven for the inconspicuous (though not always modest) inventors who have given us our every-day conveniences—safety-pins, pocket-knives, tie-clips, and, some might even add, fountain-pens. These are the counterparts of those useful but little-valued composers who have given us music which even the most fumble-fisted can play with pleasure at any time, in any place, to any person, and under any conditions. They write to be heard of men, and certainly they have their reward.

## ON BROADCASTING NEW MUSIC

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

Some little time ago Mr. Ernest Newman wrote in the *Sunday Times*:

The time has certainly come when wireless could bring to music-lovers all over the country a number of works that otherwise they would have no chance of hearing. To take a recent instance: perhaps some five or six hundred people, at the most, heard *Pierrot Lunaire* a few weeks ago; these people may possibly understand our critical wrangles over the work, but I fail to see how the five million other readers of the principal London papers can, or how they can be expected to be interested in these wrangles. Now why cannot the B.B.C. look a little ahead on occasions of this kind, and arrange to broadcast the performance of such a work as *Pierrot Lunaire*. There is not a music-lover from Land's End to John o' Groats who would not listen eagerly to a thing of this kind. The recent performance of Bartók's Violin Sonata was another case of the same sort.

Mr. Newman being a critic by whose utterances we all set great store, I confess that I felt concerned



to find his views so greatly at variance with mine. To me, mechanical reproductions of music are both excruciating and meaningless. I have so far refrained from writing on this topic because, apparently, so many people whose opinion I value hold other views; I sometimes feared I was oversensitive to ugliness of tone, and inclined to exaggerate the importance of inaccuracies in reproduction.

But by the time when the suggestion came forth concerning new, difficult works such as *Pierrot Lunaire* or Bartók's Violin Sonatas, I had accumulated evidence enough to satisfy me that I did not stand altogether alone in my dislike and distrust. I shall not attempt to make capital out of my dislike: but I feel justified in venturing to declare that in my opinion nothing could be more dangerous than the diffusion, by mechanical agencies, of works whose appraisal calls for special attention and caution, on account of the unusual things they contain.

In *Pierrot Lunaire*, for instance, Schönberg resorts to the blurred, barely perceptible tones that arise when pianoforte strings, released but not struck, vibrate by sympathy. In his *Kammer-Symphonie* he divides a run on arpeggios between a clarinet in B flat, one in D, and one in A. The importance of such details may be slight, but they are part of his scheme, and it would be unfair not to give the scheme a full chance. We may doubt how far the audience will ever hear the pianoforte 'harmonics'; and we may hold that in the case of the three clarinets, differences between the quality of individual instruments and between the tone-producing capacity of individual players may do either far more or far less than the composer bargained for: but we know for certain that it is in actual performance only that these and many other effects stand a chance of showing us what they are really worth. A good many things delay the diffusion of the more difficult and unusual examples of contemporary music. As many things, and even more, stand in the way of their being considered with judicial sympathy when they happen to be played. The least that partisans of fair play should expect and insist upon is that music to which so much harm is done by misrepresentations attendant on both indiscriminate, hyperbolic praise and abuse should not further suffer through being misrepresented when introduced to audiences.

This, of course, is not always easy, even in the concert-room. Many of us, listening to certain things by Schönberg, Kréněk, or almost any other 'difficult' composer, have felt that performances which were textually accurate fell short nevertheless in certain purely material respects. There may have been something wanting in the balance of tone, in the quality of tone, in the definiteness and emphasis of the punctuation. Or atonal sequences of notes may have called in vain for subtle differences of pitch which notation cannot show—differences corresponding to those which performers instinctively allow for in tonal music when

dealing with, say, a leading-note, a subdominant, or a chromatic passing-note. A very few shortcomings of this kind are enough to induce a good deal of perplexity. Of three performances I heard of Stravinsky's *Symphonies for Wind Instruments* (by three different orchestras, each under a different conductor), one made me realise forthwith how needlessly bewildering the other two had been—but the remedy, of course, is not always to hand.

Unless you are to appraise or enjoy music as a mere abstraction, you cannot deal with it as you deal with Euclid, working and progressing on straight lines that are not drawn straight, and circles that are shaped like vegetable marrows. There are cases when experience and imagination rectify shortcomings in performance, as when you hear a piece played on a pianoforte that is out of tune, or when a wrong note is struck for which you mentally substitute the right note. But how many of us could detect wrong notes, or wrong balance of tone, and similar shortcomings, in a first performance of a complex work by Schönberg or Stravinsky—that is, if we are not reading the score while we listen? And how many of the people for whom broadcasting is primarily intended, could do so under any conditions?

Granting that actual performance may fall short, we see, looming in the distance, the conclusion that nothing is quite safe but the ideal performance which the expert may imagine while reading a score. I am not dealing here with the question of reading *versus* listening, but I shall revert to it further (though without attempting to discuss it).

My present point is that whereas there are unknown quantities in forthcoming actual performances, which accordingly may hit or miss the mark, there are known quantities in mechanical reproductions of performances which enable us to foretell that the mark will be missed very often, if not always. A time may come when this will no longer be the case. I shall by then be ready to take back all that I am now saying.

Now for my evidence, which refers to both mechanical reproduction (talking-machines) and to mechanical transmission. I consider it needless to quote from the columns of the *Musical Times*, in which my readers will doubtless have noticed due restrictions as well as due praise.

In *Musical Opinion* (November, 1923), 'Schaunard' wrote:

The only term befitting is nastiness. A musical performance may be as greatly improved by the wireless receiver as it is at present rather worsened. One thing alone is almost certain: it will never be made to sound exactly the same when heard through receiving instruments as it does to the listener within the room. The gramophone is a similar case.

In the *Monthly Musical Record* (April, 1924), 'R. C.' writes:

The popular vogue for music by wireless has brought about a new series of Symphony concerts. Mr. Percy Pitt at the first of these conducted French music—Vincent d'Indy's *Istar Variations* and Ravel's *Mother Goose*. At the second, Sir Landon Ronald conducted Elgar's E flat Symphony. This I chose to listen to by my fireside. I found that the score was a necessary

adjunct. Without the score the music seemed remote, much was lost, and what was made of it by those who did not already know the work I cannot think. But with the score in hand there was decidedly a pleasure to be had—what ear missed the eye made up, and *vice versa*.

I shall not try my readers' patience by exhausting my file of similar extracts. Curiously enough, I recently found my views confirmed in a later article by Mr. Ernest Newman (*Sunday Times*, March 15):

In the *Daily Graphic* I gave a number of instances in which the wireless quite altered the scoring of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, and my list could have been extended greatly. If what I heard on that and other occasions is the best that wireless can do, then I can only say that what the listener-in hears of a big orchestral work is the merest travesty of the original. Captain Eckersley is quite correct in saying that it is near enough to give the average listener a fair idea of the work; if a man just wants to be sure of the tunes, does not mind the harmonies being often perverted, and is quite satisfied with orchestral timbres of which the composer never dreamed, then wireless is good enough for him, and none of us will grudge him the pleasure he gets out of it. But I repeat that, for the critical musician, the transmission is a travesty of the original. It may be better that two million people, many of whom would be otherwise shut out from music, should get a great work in an imperfect form than not get it at all. But nothing is to be gained by our denying the obvious imperfections of the present wireless transmission of music on the large scale.

The only writer who has attempted to enumerate the imperfections of the talking-machine is, I believe, M. Roland Manuel, who gave in the *Paris Ménestrel* (May 25, 1923), the following list, warning us that it is at best approximate:

*Perfectly reproduced*: plucked strings (*i.e.*, the guitar, the harp, the *pizzicati*), bells, and generally speaking all percussion instruments, including the pianoforte when used as such.

*Satisfactorily reproduced*: saxophones, brass instruments, piccolo, clarinet, bassoon, baritone and bass voices.

*Indifferently reproduced*: oboe, strings *col arco*, tenor voices.

*Badly reproduced*: flutes, female voices.

The phonograph, he adds, deals unkindly with nonchalant rhythms and harmonic or orchestral subtleties. It utterly deforms Debussy's tone-pictures. Mozart's music is too light for it, Wagner's too heavy. Rimsky-Korsakov's comes out particularly well.

Comparing my own experiences with those of other people as illustrated in the above extracts, I come to the conclusion that mechanical reproduction and transmission may serve some of the purposes of score reading (not all). For picking to pieces and memorising music, for other accessory processes among the many that go to the forming and testing of judgments, it may be of some use; also, perhaps, for reverting to music heard before in actual performance, when memory will partly make up for shortcomings.

I should certainly never attempt to form an estimate of a work on the strength of mechanical performance. I do not much like to do so even on the strength of score-reading only, although I

often enjoy reading the scores of works which I know and love.

I fully realise how hard it must be to long for music and to lack the possibility to listen, to read, or to play. As a substitute for the real thing, I consider the piano-player far preferable to any sound-reproducing agency. Transcriptions of orchestral or chamber music will be found to give all that is useful in what is given by sound-reproducing agencies—that is, the design and a rough-and-ready approximation of certain values and contrasts.

I emphatically repeat that I look with great misgivings upon the use of mechanical reproduction as sole, chief, or earliest foundation for the education of musical taste and for technical musical education. I understand that attempts are being made to teach orchestration and instrumentation by means of mechanical reproductions of tones, single or in combination. I can only hope that results will prove far different from what I anticipate. Anyhow, experience will probably correct any false impressions or gaps originating in deficiencies such as are referred to by M. Manuel and others. With regard to the introduction by similar means of new music, the danger is greater and the remedy may be more distant. Mr. Ernest Newman's article of March 16 seems to me to prove that he too is aware of the dangers that might attend the mechanical dissemination of works such as *Pierrot Lunaire* or Bartók's Violin Sonatas.

## LIMITATIONS AND ART

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

In his curiously provocative little *Essay on Modern Unaccompanied Song*, Mr. Herbert Bedford remarks that 'the tendency of the boundaries of musical expression being to widen, to circumscribe one's musical means of expressiveness would be not unlike a poet voluntarily curtailing his vocabulary, let us say by ruling out of bounds all words except those of Saxon origin.' He has just previously laid the blame of the failure of Perosi as a composer on his attempt to imitate the style of Palestrina. The instance is scarcely a happy one, for Perosi's failure is not so much an artistic one as a national one, and is comparable with, say, Elgar's failure in Russia. Each of these composers has a strong body of support for his claims among those best able to judge of his success or failure, and each has failed to impress outside certain circles. However that may be, the context serves to show what he means. To imitate a style with which one is not, both by nature and training, in sympathy, is to court failure, and it is possible that the ex-Sistine choirmaster may have made this mistake. But this is something very different from a mere limitation of the means employed in giving expression to our ideas or feelings. The utility or otherwise of limitations is regulated partly by their character, and partly by the manner of their imposition.

Every art and every activity has its natural limitations which prevent it encroaching upon the ground of other arts or activities; and to these are added the personal limitations of the artist, self-imposed or imposed by nature. And these limitations are not necessarily an evil. The fence which prevents us from wandering unwittingly into a field full of wild cattle, or from approaching too near the edge of a dangerous cliff, is not an evil, neither is the limitation of the tone-power of our neighbour's pianoforte. Some limitations even of our means of expression—especially where width rather than intensity of expression is limited—are, in fact, a real gain. A wide area of expression may mean diffuseness just where directness is most needed.

The character and direction, and sometimes the narrowness, of the limitations imposed by nature or circumstances upon the artist, make what we call his personality or his individuality—which are not quite the same thing, for the personality must have something in common with that of other persons, while the individuality is that which separates and distinguishes him from all others. We resent the removal of such limitations if it in any way alters the personal character of the work; and quite rightly, for in a work of art *qua* art such personal character in all details is of greater importance than is anything else.

Some will go so far in their regard for the characterising qualities of limitation, as to object to the alteration of the pianoforte works of Beethoven, by giving them the benefit of the extended gamut of modern instruments. Whether Beethoven's evident chafing at the limited scale possessed by the instruments of his day resulted in any added characterisation in those works I am personally very doubtful. All sincere lovers of the man and his music, however, will object to the removal of the characteristics which are the result of his natural limitations—of his wild, nature-loving, though ill-sorted and unsatisfied temperament, of his longing for human sympathy and affection, and his boorish manners which drove them from him, even of his deafness which limited his rhythmic variety and sometimes perverted his sense of what he was writing—in order to give him the suave facility of a Felix Mendelssohn. The personal and circumstantial limitations of Sebastian Bach made him the writer of the Church Cantatas and the Concerti, which we would not willingly give up for anything else, however much we may agree in general with Wagner's sneer at the writers of Psalms. And the limitations of Haydn and Mozart made them the most transparent writers of all time, and also the founders of modern instrumentation as employed alike by Wagner, Brahms, Elgar, Debussy, Stravinsky, and the maddest youngsters of to-day.

Self-imposed limitations (I do not speak of limitations of technique, whether imposed by natural defects, by lack of opportunity, or by sheer neglect to acquire it, for in any case these are always a drawback) are those relating to instru-

mentation, form, use of words or other extraneous matter, tonality, and possibly one or two other matters. Such limitations are always useful as studies and exercises, and frequently in no other capacity. What composer is there who will not say that the necessity of trying to get an effect from a small orchestra for which he is longing to employ a large one has not given him a greater command of tone-quality and the other effects of good orchestration; or having to write in a prescribed and circumscribed form like that of the fugue has not, as one of the most successful of our younger composers has said, 'made writing easy'? And what composer will not equally say that most of what he wrote in these circumstances, even though at the time he considered it to be fine music, is now of no value to anyone except himself, and to himself only for the facility it has given him?

There are many cases, however, where limitation of means of expression has proved a real incentive to composition, occasionally in quantity, but more often in quality. Difficulties which require a strong effort of the will to overcome are needed by many people to make them achieve more than the humdrum work of everyday life. The slow, deliberate, steady effort, the careful, sustained shaping of phrases and lines and stanzas, or of chords and musical ideas, results in a higher artistic and more intense and effective expression than would be reached if one followed the line of least resistance. Were it not for the limitations deliberately imposed, the art of such people would be wasted and evaporated in the ether.

Still others find in the limitations imposed for some definite end a cause of study of the nature of those limitations which extends their expressive power in other directions. Perosi has been mentioned as an instance of its doubtful success, but there can be no doubt of its efficiency in the case of Vaughan Williams in his *Mass*, his *Merciles Beauty*, or his still smaller *The Sky above the Roof*. It is the use of certain limitations in each of these works that makes it so completely expressive as well as strangely beautiful. In modern literature there is the almost more striking instance of Robert Bridges and his classical poems, and in an earlier period of the many who were inspired to write verses of rare charm simply by the challenge held out by the restrictions of form. When Bridges dispenses with the restrictions of word and style which the choice of classical subjects implies, he nearly always falls from the high standard of nobility and significance of utterance with which these invest his best work. Turning again to music we find that Scriabin, until he devised his restricted and arbitrary gamuts, produced works that will not compare with *The Divine Poem* or *Vers la flamme*. These scales or chords, it is true, break away from the trammels of the diatonic and chromatic scales, but only to forge newer and heavier ones in their place.

Even Mr. Bedford finds inspiration or technical assistance in the limitations imposed by 'song-in-

a-single-line,' for he can scarcely deny that the putting aside of all the assistance which an instrument or a number of instruments supply does 'circumscribe one's musical means of expressiveness,' for an accompaniment or a *ritornello* is often the most effective means of creating an atmosphere or suggesting a mood which the voice alone cannot do or does only with difficulty. Always the putting off of one set of limitations implies the taking up of a new set, it may be more or less narrow, but always with the idea that the new ones will be more helpful to us in writing in the style we desire than the old ones. The history of art is, in fact, one long list of limitations and the way they have been overcome—not by removal, but by utilisation. Palestrina created or re-formed the highest style of Church music by the imposition of limitations of material and treatment; Haydn created the most permanent styles of symphonic and chamber music by the imposition (conscious or unconscious) of certain formularies, and by the limitation to four instruments of a certain type of music; Wagner revised the conditions of music-drama by the limitation of the methods of characterisation; even the invention of recitative was the discovery of the advantage of certain limitations in the methods of musical narration. Wherever we turn to find new or different styles of utterance, we find that they are created by the fact that limitations exist and that the artists who create them use such limitations; and the finer the style the narrower are its limitations.

## Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

A heavy post has descended on me. Most of the writers are still concerned with that question of popular music, and some of them send some awful examples. More than one suggests the establishment of a kind of pillory, in which from month to month may be exhibited extracts from 'winners,' &c. But such a feature would occupy more space than can be spared, and would call for an undue amount of music-type setting. Moreover, as this journal is not read by the kind of folk who like rubbish—or, at all events, that particular kind of rubbish—there seems to be little advantage in a systematic exposure. (But there is at least one reader who likes the *Felix* brand: our friend 'The Traveller,' who returns to the charge once more in the correspondence column. I don't like his taste, but I admire his courageous sticking to his guns. There are too many people merely pretending to like good music: snobs obsessed by big names. I prefer 'The Traveller's' out-and-out attitude. Some day he will be converted, and will make a fine, red-hot apostle.)

Among the examples sent mention must be made of *Arbutus*, by M. A. E. Davis, described in large type as 'The Greatest of all Intermezzi,' and

alleged to be played 'with the utmost enthusiasm by nearly every orchestra in the kingdom.' 'In demand everywhere'; 'The piece with the lovely 'cello melody.' The advertisement gives a few bars of this 'melody'—a puerile strain—and then follows it up with this:

Ex. 1.  
*Another beautiful example (Chords).*



I like that parenthetical information—(chords): but why stop there? Why not tell us some more? Thus, in the next bar (triplets); and Mr. (or Mrs., or Miss) Davis's skilful use of *ped.* and *staccato* surely calls for some bracketed notice.

The only other musical example I can find room for is a particularly nauseating specimen of Church music. It is set to a Communion hymn, and I mention with regret (but not surprise) that the composer is a clergyman. The opening two lines are just dull commonplace, and had the reverend gentleman been content to continue on a plane where he was clearly at home the result would have been merely one more addition to the thousands of futile hymn-tunes. But in the second half he aspired—in fact, he aspired, with a glance at *The Rosary* on the way, thus:



This 'tune' is published in what appears to be a Church journal (the title is missing) under the heading, in red and black capitals, 'Church Music of To-day,' and a foot-note sets forth the rates at which copies of the 'tune' will be supplied 'in order to bring new Church music within the reach of every parish'—rather less than a ha'penny a copy. The composer is the Rev. F. Last Bedwell, and, noting his middle name, we are reminded of the homely proverb about the shoemaker. Let us hope Mr. Bedwell will stick to *his*.



My protest against the misuse of the word 'lyric' has brought some letters. One comes from Mrs. Hubi-Newcombe (amicable, slightly incoherent and quaint in grammar, like her letter on page 545 of this issue), pointing out that I appear to doubt the quality and number of her lyrics. She tells me that in quoting two thousand as the number she has sold, she was below the actual figure. That settles the number. As to quality, she assures me that 'the majority are "poems" even more than they are "songs."' I can only repeat what I said last month: that the greatest of English lyrical poets have been able to leave us only a mere handful of examples of this rare and difficult art, and that any writer able to produce real lyrics by the thousand is greater than Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth combined. Mrs. Hubi-Newcombe has written over two thousand lyrics, therefore, &c. On the other hand, we may not agree as to the application of the term 'lyric.' In fact, it is clear that we don't.

For there is perhaps no literary term that is more loosely employed. Here, for example, is a specimen sent me by one of my correspondents. I quote the introductory paragraph:

#### JUST A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET

A lesson in song. The truest story ever told. An appealing musical sermon that has won the commendation of press and pulpit throughout the nation. A particularly timely ballad, combining a lyric [there it is!] of unusual sentiment and charm with a melody that is catchy as it is beautiful.

#### HERE IS THE GREAT VERSE\*

Dear little girl, they call you a flirt,  
A flapper with up-to-date ways,  
You may shine brightly, but just like a lamp,  
You'll burn out one of these days.  
Then your old-fashioned sister will come into view,  
With a husband and kiddies, but what about you?

Ah! What, indeed? However, in the second verse the lyricist holds out prospect of an ending no less happy and domestic than that of your old-fashioned sister, so the moral of this musical sermon (commended by press and pulpit) is that after all, dear little girl, you may have your fling. Don't worry about that minatory 'great verse'; what counts is the

#### SECOND VERSE

Wall-flower girl, now dry all those tears,  
For you won't be left all alone,  
Some day you'll find yourself upon a throne,  
Queen of a sweet little home,  
And you, gay little flapper, you'll live and  
you'll learn,  
When you've gone down the pathway that  
has no return.

We need not inquire too closely into the question of the throne and the sweet little home being found down the pathway that has no return. And after all, this 'lyric' is no worse than heaps of other puerilities put forth bearing that distinguished label.

\* This is not a satirical comment of mine, but the actual heading.

In a Reading newspaper I note the following:

The congregation were much impressed by the unaccompanied rendition by Miss — of a syncopated Litany to the Blessed Virgin in Latin.

It sounds an odd mixture, and syncopation is not easily made apparent in an unaccompanied single part. Perhaps a Reading reader who happened to be amongst those impressed by the 'rendition' will send along some particulars.

'A humble though ardent devotee of the orchestra' writes concerning Dr. Froggatt's article on 'The Incomplete Orchestra' in the May issue of the *Musical Times*. 'Does Dr. Froggatt advocate no orchestral practices at all unless comprised of the instruments he names?' asks my correspondent. He goes on to say that he is one of a small party that meets on Saturday nights, not for public practice, but for 'musical enjoyment in tone-colour that we cannot get in our homes with mere pianoforte and solo instruments.' The force consists of brass and strings—no wood-wind—with a pianoforte to fill up.

Dr. Froggatt, being a human being as well as a musician, would, I am sure, be the last to suggest that these stout fellows should worry themselves a jot about their 'incompleteness.' There is no better musical fun than this scratch band work; in many ways it even beats that other fine game, choral singing. I never spent jollier evenings than in directing such a force some years ago—five violins, one violoncello, one double-bass, two flutes, and a cornet, with yours to command at a pianoforte so tin-kettlish that it might well have been regarded as representing the 'kitchen' department of the orchestra. Our little force played almost entirely by ear, though copies were used with suspicious ostentation. The worst reader was the double-bass, and I well remember his vigour in straightforward tonic and dominant passages, and his retirement into private life when agility was needed, or chromatic situations suddenly developed. Not that he admitted failure. At such moments I noticed that his copy had to be put straight, or his pince-nez required adjusting—the latter a conveniently-frequent need, as he sawed away with vigour and was of a fat and exuding habit of body. Such a player Beethoven must have had in mind when he wrote the 'Village Festival' part of the *Pastoral Symphony*. You may have all the rest of the work—the joyful feelings on arriving at the truly-rural surroundings, the very mild thunderstorm, the babbling brooklet, and twittering wild-fowl, and so forth; but leave me the bit of the 'Village Festival' where the amateur bassoonist blows out his little three- and four-note tonic and dominant phrase. Just such an one was my double-bass, and I never hear that funny bassoon passage without seeing him vigorously laying his bow across the strings when he saw all clear ahead.

My correspondent says he wants my opinion on his incomplete orchestra. He has it above. 'I feel,' he goes on, 'that you would be sympathetic,

and I can imagine you saying, "Bless you, my children! Carry on! (so long as I'm not there to hear you)." He is right except as to his closing words. So far as my blessing is helpful, he and his mates have it. I hope they will carry on, but so far from wishing not to hear them, I should like to join in the fun. I have had some dalliance with the bass trombone, and have played the cymbals—the latter with some uncertainty in the matter of entry, but (I was told) with a good deal of dash when well in. If I were with our friends on one of their Saturday night tone-colour revels, they would find me willing enough to listen, and even, without much pressing, ready to take a hand myself. But if it be with the trombone, the bass must be good, honest tonic and dominant, and moving at the right slow and dignified pace. Any light and wanton departures from this will find me (like my old double-bass player) otherwise engaged. If this somewhat fitful type of performance doesn't suit them, they must give me the cymbals and a free hand.

#### NEW LIGHT ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

##### XXXII.—WILLIAM PARSONS

There is considerable confusion over the composers Parsons, as two of the same name were practically contemporaneous. However, William Parsons was evidently of a slightly earlier period, as he flourished under Henry VIII. and Queen Mary; Robert Parsons did not come into prominence till 1560.

According to the late Prof. Wooldridge, in his article on the 'Psalter' in *Grove's Dictionary*, William Parsons was 'an excellent composer,' as is evidenced by his admirable setting of tunes in Day's *Whole Psalmes in four partes*, published in 1563. This rare publication, in four volumes—of which only a few copies can be traced—contains a hundred and forty-one compositions, of which eighty-one are by Parsons, who seems to have been the editor.

Up to the present, however, notwithstanding the admitted excellence of Parsons's compositions, his biography has been a blank. None of our musical historians could penetrate the veil which hid the life-work of this remarkable Tudor composer, and hence the facts now gleaned may prove of interest if not of permanent value.

William Parsons was born about the year 1516, and he seems to have essayed composition as early as 1536. One thing is certain: there is an interesting Latin Motet of his in a Bodleian MS. (Bodl. e. 423) dating from 1537. Another Motet of his, also in Latin, may be dated as from the year 1546, before the death of Henry VIII.

In 1551 Parsons was engaged by the Dean and Chapter of Wells as assistant-choirmaster and copyist. The then Dean was Dr. William Turner, who had been installed *vice* Dr. John Goodman deprived, and evidently Parsons became an accommodating servant of the 'reformed' Dean. In the Communar's Paper Book of Wells for the year 1552

we find that on February 11 the sum of 16s. 4d. was paid to William Parsons 'for divers songs and books by him made and to be made.'

For the year 1553 the sum of 12s. was paid to Parsons by the Dean and Chapter of Wells 'for divers songs by him made and to be made.' On August 29, 1553, he was paid 5s. 'for 15 books containing 3 Masses and a Primer'; and another significant entry is a payment of 4s. 8d. for 'a book of the Common Prayer for the quyer.'

In 1553, with the advent of Queen Mary, Dr. John Goodman was restored to the Deanery, but was again deprived in 1559, and William Turner was re-installed as Dean. Meantime, like the historic Vicar of Bray, Parsons kept his post at Wells, and in the Communar's Book for 1560 there is a fairly lengthy account of payments to William Parsons, including the following items:

For making and pricking of certayne songs in English, 20s.

For iiij psalter books, bought at Bristol, paid for every psalter book ijs ijd, 8s. 8d.

For two Bibles in English, and 4d. for carriage of them from Bristol, 22s.

Parsons remained at Wells until 1561, but after that date we have no record of him till his collaboration in the publication of Day's *Whole Psalmes in four partes*, in 1563, of which a second edition was published in 1565.

It may be of interest to note that this remarkable, harmonized version of the Psalms included a hundred and forty-one compositions. Of these, as before stated, eighty-one are by William Parsons, while of the remainder twenty-seven are by Thomas Causton, seventeen by J. Hake, eleven by R. Brimle, and four by N. Southerton.

As to Parsons's share in this harmonized Psalter—of which he was in reality the editor—Prof. Wooldridge says:

The style of Parsons is somewhat severe, sometimes even harsh, but always strong and solid. . . . The importance of this Psalter, at once the first and the most liberal of its kind, entitles it to a complete example of its workmanship. The tune chosen is that to the 137th Psalm, an excellent specimen of the English imitations of the French melodies, and interesting also as being one of the two tunes which, appearing among the first printed in Crespin's edition of Sternhold, are in use at this day. It was evidently a favourite with Parsons, who has set it three times—twice placing it in the tenor, and once in the upper voice.

However, in a foot-note, he adds:

It must be confessed that this tune is more beautiful without the setting. Parsons has not only avoided every kind of modulation, but has even refused closes which the ear desires, and which he might have taken without having recourse to chromatic notes. It remained for later musicians to bring out the beauty of the melody.

I can find no trace of William Parsons after the year 1563, and evidently he died soon afterwards. His namesake, Robert Parsons, drowned himself on January 25, 1570.

## THE PASSING OF A TRADITION

BY THOMAS ARMSTRONG

Death has lately robbed us of two organists who were not only distinguished men, but were also two of the last figures surviving from a school of musicianship that is now, for good and evil, almost extinct. In the musical world, as in other worlds, much bad tradition is dying, and many fine experiments are being made, but without being *laudator temporis acti*, one can see a great deal of good grain going with the chaff.

The organist of fifty years ago was trained 'in the workshops.' He began life as a choir-boy at some cathedral—Sir Frederick Bridge began it at six years of age—and remained, after his voice broke, as an 'articled pupil,' until finally he became a master himself, and found an organ-loft in which he could teach to others the art that he had inherited, and to which, perhaps, he had himself added something. He was closely associated with music, therefore, from his most impressionable years, as a performer and not merely as a listener, and was unconsciously absorbing a musical atmosphere of a fine sort. His later training included the whole of an organist's and choir-master's duties, pianoforte playing, and theoretical work. The system is very different, of course, from the modern one. The boy of to-day has lessons from a local teacher, who gives him an hour a week, or from a master at his school, and when he is sufficiently advanced goes to one of the great central schools. Here he has the best training in his special study, organ or pianoforte, or whatever it is, and class training in general musical subjects, and acquires in the corridors and elsewhere what enthusiasts call 'a wide musical interest,' and critics 'a useless smattering of all sorts of things.' There are advantages in both methods, of course. No system at all can instil talent or suppress it altogether, but the new system can and does impart to the really unmusical a shallow brilliance that at first sight resembles talent, while the older method made no attempt to do this. But the older training had a thoroughness which the newer lacks, and had about it more of an air of practical, determined craftsmanship. And a large part of any art is, after all, a matter of craft. Just as in the old schools of painting there was a sort of inherited craftsmanship, a thing of oils and pigments, quite apart from 'message,' which is now lost to painters, so in music there was very definitely an inherited craftsmanship which is not acquired under the new system as it was under the old.

The system did not provide for the training of specialists in other branches of music than the organist's; but it did provide the best possible foundation for subsequent specialisation, and there was seldom any failure to recognise those whose talents fitted them for such training. The inevitable result of the modern system which provides it for all who ask for it, is that many young men go through their courses of conducting, composition, or pianoforte playing, without the necessary grounding, and without its being discovered that they have neither the temperament, the musicianship, nor the personality that are necessary. They find themselves, of course, at the end of their training, unable to do anything well enough to compel the respect of others or to support themselves, and it's a case of 'Heaven help them!' if they have no private means.

The chief defect of the system was that the cathedrals, which were the centres of teaching, were generally isolated in small provincial towns where opportunities for hearing music and keeping abreast of its developments were small. But there were compensations even in this, and, indeed, until lately it was impossible to keep abreast of musical progress at all in England: you had to go to Germany if you wanted that sort of education. The cathedral training did provide a 'soaking in music,' which is so important for the young musician, though it was in a limited range of music. The organ-loft was a real centre for a considerable district: there were good performances of much of the best cathedral music, and of oratorio; and in many cases a very high standard of musicianship was set by the master. There was an intensely practical atmosphere: there were no dabblers, no dilettante young men such as are seen in the corridors of London concert-halls, carrying scores that they cannot read. There was nothing amateur about it. The apprentice did not listen to a lecture on choir-training: he watched it being done, and took his turn at it. He did not read a book on organ accompaniment: he had to do it, and that sometimes with an irascible master standing at his side, ready, should he hesitate, to elbow him off the seat before he had time to upset the choir.

It was the practical atmosphere that was so fine. Methods of teaching were, no doubt, primitive, and Dr. —'s 'Chorister's Singing Method' was too often simply the cane; but more was learnt by experience than could be got from the most admirable 'psychological' lectures. Some branches of training were, no doubt, neglected altogether. Ear-training did not exist. People who had been in touch with music from childhood could not but have trained ears; they acquired them by natural and unaided growth, which would have been helped by attention. The standard of organ-playing, too, was lower than it is now, though this was much more an affair of the possibilities of the instrument than of musicianship or training. Fifty years ago it was considered a feat to play Mendelssohn's fourth Sonata: the youngest of us must know organs on which it is a feat to play it now—where one needs to be, indeed, *pulsator organorum*, and to punch the keys down. What every man did learn—at any rate, in the organ-loft that I knew—was to write good 'strict five-part, fifth species'—'after all,' as one of our great men has said lately, 'the root of the whole matter.' Many vocal compositions of to-day consist of two tunes, one sung in octaves by trebles and tenors, the other sung in octaves by altos and basses. This is not because the composer,—as sometimes Vaughan Williams—out of a complete choral technique, wants this particular effect, but because he can think of only two tunes, and is beside himself to find something for the inner parts to do. I shall, of course, be told that in spite of this the church music of the late 19th century, with a few exceptions, was as bad as it could be, and I do not wish to deny this. But the badness was not a matter of technique, which after all is the only thing that training can touch. The music is bad because it reflects the weak, sentimental, and insincere religion of its time, from which only deeper natures could escape. Bad as it is—some of it—practical musicians know that it 'comes off.' Its effects, such as they are, are intentional and successful, and this is what gives it its tenacity. There is much music more admirable

in spirit, which, however worthy, cannot by any amount of skill and practice be made to 'come off,' and such music is quite useless.

And what has happened to our 'playing from score'? One remembers the skill and fine taste with which accompaniments were played from the scores of Boyce and Arnold, sometimes with all the parts, including the soprano, in their old clefs. One remembers the scorn with which a young cathedral organist was regarded who had to have recourse to an octavo edition because he could not use the score. It is a small point, of course, but it is an indication. For even if they were heavy and inconvenient, there was a spaciousness about those nobly-printed, leather volumes. They had been subscribed for, generations ago, by the Dean and Chapter; or, if the clergy were too mean, by the organist himself, and had been used by his successors ever since. But now, in many cathedrals, with the arrival of a new-comer, they are 'dispossessed, aside-thrust, chuck'd down' into some cellar, to rot there in the damp. No doubt an octavo performance is just as good, and is attended with fewer risks, but 'safety first' is of all mottoes the most despicable; and though one can live a decent, christian life in a Pimlico boarding-house, there is still a quality about the Cotswold manor with all its lack of 'conveniences.'

Other things have gone too. The traditional style of accompanying is largely lost. Appoggiaturas in fugue subjects, door-knockers in vacant beats, mercifully, are no more: but gone too are the breadth of style, the readings inherited from composers themselves, and, very largely, that ability to 'conduct by accompaniment,' so firmly and so unobtrusively, which all Sir George Elvey's pupils seem to have had.

In short, 'the grand manner' is gone, and, as Meredith says at the end of *Beauchamp's Career* 'This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp.' Whether we regret the exchange or not will be largely a matter of our own training and inclination. At any rate the most conservative of us will probably admit that some bad has perished with the good.

#### AN EXPERIMENT IN MUNICIPAL MUSIC

An interesting experiment in Sunday evening concerts was carried out at Rochdale during last winter, and some details of the series may be of value to other municipalities which are thinking of extending their musical activities.

Before last season the Rochdale Corporation had confined its scheme to ten organ recitals during the winter, and a very fine level of programme has been maintained for over a hundred recitals by the Borough organist, Mr. Frank Greenwood. The dwindling audiences at these recitals in recent years have, however, suggested that some greater variety of Sunday evening music would be welcome, and accordingly a proposal was made to the Town Council that a series of ten miscellaneous concerts should be arranged to run alternately with the organ recitals. This proposal was accepted on the following terms: That the Corporation grant the free use of the Town Hall and pay for printing of programmes, advertising, and attendants; that there be a uniform admission price of sixpence, including programme and tax; and that any loss as between the net admissions and the cost of the artists' fees, hire of pianoforte, &c., be met privately by the proposer

of the concerts. The entire direction of the concerts—choice of artists, programmes, &c.—was left by the Corporation to the promoter, with the result that the concerts were rather more daring than is usually the case with those which are controlled by a public body. The performances started at 8.15, and finished between 9.15 and 9.30, and a very high standard of music was upheld. The series of ten concerts was laid out as follows: two orchestral and three choral concerts with soloists (vocal or instrumental) at each; three vocal and pianoforte recitals; and two trio concerts with a vocalist at each. The hearty co-operation of local orchestras and choirs was of great value to the promoter, and enabled him to make the series far more representative than would otherwise have been possible.

A few details of the music will be of interest as proving that, if it is adequately performed, the finest music may be offered without hesitation to a 'popular' audience. Amongst the works given during the season were:

Orchestral.—Symphony in C minor (Beethoven); the *Unfinished Symphony*.

Choral.—*Alto Rhapsody* (Brahms); *War Song of the Saracens*, Villon's *Ballade*, and *Cavalier Tunes* (Bantock); *Songs from the Greek Anthology* (Elgar).

Chamber music.—Trio in B flat, Op. 97 (Beethoven); Trio in A minor (Tchaikovsky).

Pianoforte solos.—Sonata in A flat, Op. 26 (Beethoven); Scherzo in B flat minor, *Five Studies*, Nocturne in D flat, *Bolero* (Chopin); *Rhapsodie Espagnole* (Liszt); *Chaconne* (Bach-Busoni).

Songs.—*Three Michelangelo Lieder*; *Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen* (Hugo Wolf); *Nacht und Träume*, *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*; *Du bist die Ruh'*, *Die Allmacht*, *Der Doppelgänger*, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, *Das Fischermädchen*, *Haiden-Röslein* (Schubert); *Auf dem Kirchhofe*, *Das Mädchen spricht*, *Die Mainacht*, *Meine Liebe ist grün* (Brahms); *Les Roses d'Ispahan*, *Après un rêve* (Fauré); *Aubade* (Lalo); *Les papillons* (Chausson); *Romance* (Debussy); *Braden Hill, Loveliest of Trees, Is my team ploughing?* *Requiescat* (George Butterworth); *Three Songs of Travel* and *Silent Noon* (Vaughan Williams).

For such programmes as these there was immense enthusiasm. The hall when packed to its utmost will accommodate 975 persons. The average attendance at the ten concerts was 920. The doors were opened at 7.30, and an hour before that time people began to stand in the queue. The following specimen programme, given on March 9, attracted an audience of 970:

Songs ...	(a) 'Nacht und Träume' ...	Schubert
	(b) 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' ...	"
	(c) 'Du bist die Ruh'	"
	(d) 'Die Allmacht' ...	"
	Miss Alison King.	

Trio for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello in B flat	
(Op. 97) ...	Beethoven
Mr. Hamilton Harty, Mr. Don Hyden,	
Mr. Clyde Twelvetrees.	

Songs ...	(a) 'Auf dem Kirchhofe' ...	Brahms
	(b) 'Das Mädchen spricht' ...	"
	(c) 'Die Mainacht' ...	"
	(d) 'Meine Liebe ist grün' ...	"
	Miss Alison King.	



The songs were sung in German, English translations and explanatory notes being printed on the programme.

From the artistic point of view, as showing the power of great music to move a large, popular audience in a Lancashire industrial town, the concerts have proved a revelation to many who anticipated that the programmes would be too 'highbrow.'

A word in conclusion on the financial side. The Corporation's liability, as set out in the opening paragraph, has been £62 17s. (programmes, £34; advertising, £16 2s.; attendants, £12 15s.). The private liability has been £15 18s. 9d., as shown by the following balance-sheet:

RECEIPTS.				EXPENSES.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
9202 Admissions at 6d.	230	1	0	Artists' Fees	158	3	6
Less Entertainment Tax	57	10	3	Hire of Piano	30	0	0
		172	10	(8 Concerts)	30	0	0
Deficit (paid by promoter)	...	15	18	Bank Charge	0	6	0
		£188	9	6			

Thus the entire loss was £78 15s. 9d. on the ten concerts, of which £62 17s. is paid out of the rates and £15 18s. 9d. defrayed privately. It will be seen that had it not been for the Tax the concerts would have been practically free of cost to the rates. The hire of a pianoforte is also a large item, but the promoter preferred to secure a Steinway grand rather than save money by using a totally inadequate upright.

The fame of the concerts has spread throughout the North of England, and many inquiries have been received as to the details of finance and management. It is hoped that this brief outline may therefore be of interest and assistance to any towns where such Sunday evening music is contemplated.

#### NOTES ON MONTEVERDE'S 'ORFEO'

BY FRANK HOWES

Early in March of this year a performance of Monteverde's opera, *Orfeo*, took place in London, at the Institut Français, Cromwell Gardens. It seems strange that so famous a work had not previously put its head out of the history books, but this was claimed to be its first performance in this country. M. Louis Bourgeois was responsible for the production, which was given in concert-form with pianoforte accompaniment, and himself took the name part, as he had done twenty years previously at the first performance in France under Vincent d'Indy. D'Indy's abbreviated edition was used at both these revivals. Something more will have to be said about the editions of the work that are now available, for there is no complete edition that corresponds with the full text as Monteverde printed it in 1609 and 1615, nor is there any version with an English text, otherwise there would surely have been some performance before this.

The interest of M. Bourgeois's performance is very great in more than one direction. I suppose that in the minds of most musical people the name Monteverde calls up a cluster of associations something like this: 'Monteverde, Oh, yes! the dominant seventh man, *tremolando* on strings; ancestor of opera, father of Gluck and Wagner; a bold fellow, ruthless with his discords and suspensions.' Even in the history books he is a vivid enough personality to leave on the mind so much information, which,

when you come to think of it, is a good deal. Compare it with what you remember of Simon de Montfort or the Venerable Bede, and you see that he belongs to another category. He is more like the remoter, but equally vivid, Archimedes. But it is one thing to be vivid in history and another to be vital in Cromwell Gardens in 1924. This none the less was the chief interest (*primus inter pares* is perhaps more accurate) for one listener at any rate on March 8. Here, apparently, we had an opera that could be staged successfully to-day. The subject in one form or another appeals to the mind and heart now as much as it always has and always will. Holst has written *Savitri* and Boughton *Alkestis* within the last few years, which shows us that at the moment it is this aspect of the Love and Death theme, rather than the Tristan aspect—the classical more than the romantic—which appeals to our present temper. Orpheus himself, in Monteverde's opera, is alive enough, both musically and dramatically, to carry the whole thing through. His song of triumphant joy in Act 4 stands out for its splendid vitality. The difficulties that attend the production of an ordinary Greek play in the disposition of the chorus do not arise in *Orfeo*, for Monteverde has put it on the stage, first and last, as a company of nymphs and shepherds, who at the end dance a 'Moresca,' and in the middle as a chorus of spirits in the infernal regions, and he has provided them with appropriate music in four and five parts. But if the form of the Greek chorus has been dissolved, the character largely remains. 'No human effort is attempted in vain,' they chant—unlike Gluck's spirits, who are passing no moral judgments when they sing:

On these meadows are all happy-hearted.

The most serious change that would have to be made if the opera was produced to-day would be in the orchestration. The list of instruments—of which several are not to be found in the ordinary reference books, is as follows:

Two gravicembali.  
Two contrabassi di viola.  
Twelve viole da braccio.  
One double-harp. (Parry\* says 'two harps'.)  
Two violini piccoli alla Francese (the first appearance of our modern violin in Italian music).  
Two chitaroni (lutes) (in the score he requires three).  
Two organi di legno (probably small positive organs of flue pipes).  
Three bassi di gamba.  
Four trombones (though in the score he prescribes five).  
One regal (reed organ).  
Two cornets.  
One flautino alla Vigesima seconda. (What does this mean? Two flutes are required by the score in Act I.)  
One clarico con tre trombe sordine.

How are we to modernise this? For it would be practically impossible to reproduce the performance of 1607. It would hardly be worth while, for example, to mobilize three lutenists, especially if we had a harpsichord which would serve to provide the plucked-string tone-colour. We could either hand the whole score over to Sir Edward Elgar and get him to give us a modern version complete with tubas and triangles—this would be the course that Monteverde himself would have wished to see adopted—or, unable to divest ourselves entirely of our antiquarian scruples, we might prefer to keep as near the original as possible, and merely make a few substitutions for the impossibly obsolete instruments,

\* Musical Association Proceedings, February, 1916.

Plenty of brass is already provided. If for the organo di legno we substitute a couple of horns, we can then dispense with the cornets. This, with three trombones and a couple of trumpets, will give a complete family of brass on which, if required, the 'Sinfonia a 7' could be played. Ex. 1 would sound well on brass! D'Indy, indeed, assigns it to five trombones, but in the original no instrumentation is specified the first time this *ritornello* appears; at its second appearance it is directed to be played *pp* on strings and organo di legno. This short passage is a foreshadowing of the *leit-motif* principle, for it is only heard when Orpheus is about to deal with supernatural beings; we might call it in Wagnerian terms the 'approach to the gods' theme. It is first heard in Act 3, on the approach of Orpheus to the underworld, and during his appeal to Charon, and it occurs again in Act 5, just before the appearance of Apollo to bear his son away to heaven:

EX. 1.



To return to the orchestration: for the regal, if we did not care for a harmonium, we might substitute two oboes and two bassoons. Two flutes are required in Act 2, and will therefore be available elsewhere when necessary, and the strings will follow the ordinary modern arrangement. It would be better than falling back on a pianoforte to have a good, modern harpsichord (for even two of the old specimens would probably not be powerful enough to be effective), and a harp would be necessary for the big rhapsodical scena in Act 3. This sounds a rather unbalanced collection of instruments, but there will be no *tutti* passages. Monteverde has not scored the work. Often enough he merely writes *ritornello*, and leaves us to guess from the clefs what instruments he intended to take part. At other times he writes at the head of the number, *Al suono del organo di legno ed un chitarone*, or whatever it may be. The services of a skilful arranger would be needed, in any case, to translate the original instrumentation into the modest compromise with modern scoring that I have suggested. D'Indy indicates in his edition the scoring he used at his performance of the work at the Schola Cantorum

at Paris in 1904, but I imagine that there is no other 'full score' of the work in existence.

The treatment of the plot is such that modern editors cut the work in several different ways and still leave it an intelligible whole. As Monteverde set it, Euridice has only eighteen bars to sing in the whole work—a short recitative in Act 1 answering Orpheus's protestations of love and happiness, and again a few bars in Act 4 as she fades from his sight. But the Greek convention of a Messenger is adopted to announce the death of Euridice, and her part is important in Act 2. Hope is also personified, and intervenes at the beginning of Act 3, and the whole opera is prefaced by a prologue spoken by Music herself (a soprano). Charon, Pluto, and Proserpina take a hand in the unfolding of the plot, which follows the classical story until the loss of Euridice, where a twist is given to stave off a too unhappy ending. In Act 5 Orpheus expresses not so much abandonment of grief as resignation, and Apollo (his father) appears in a cloud and together they ascend to heaven singing a florid duet. Whereupon the chorus of shepherds sings a happy chorus, and banishes all possible traces of sadness in a lively dance. D'Indy has completely omitted Acts 1 and 5, and still retains the essentials of the play. If a happy ending is desired still more may be cut, and the play end with Orpheus's wonderful song of joy.

This may be a suitable place to say something of the differences between the available modern editions, for not one is complete. Eitner's (Breitkopf & Härtel, 1881, *Gesellschaft für Musikforschung*) is a scholarly edition and gives most of the music, but for some reason omits short passages of recitative at the beginning of Acts 3 and 4. The text is entirely reliable, for where necessary emendations (such as accidentals) have been made the original is also quoted in foot-notes, and the original edition is followed in all respects with the greatest care. I say the 'original' edition and am not strictly truthful, for the edition with which I compared it was not the first edition of 1609, but the second of 1615, of which there is a perfect copy in the Bodleian Library. Eitner's filling-in of the unfigured bass is a little more elaborate than that of the recent edition by Malipiero (Chester, 1923), who makes a special point of reducing his suggestions to the minimum and printing them in small type, but it is always perfectly restrained and nowhere resembles the pianoforte accompaniment provided by Giacomo Orefice in the Milan (Italian Association of the Friends of Music), 1909, edition. D'Indy's edition (1905), to which reference has already been made, was prepared for the special purpose of an actual performance and is very incomplete, but it has a French text which is likely to be intelligible to more Englishmen than the Italian of all the other editions. Further, it is entirely practical, for some of the original vocal writing presents very great difficulties, of which we may cite as an example the very characteristic repetitions of the same notes. D'Indy has translated some of these into turns and other ornaments, but has omitted the first part of Orpheus's big scene in Act 3, which, he says, is 'presque impossible à rendre avec des paroles françaises.' How much more then with English? Even Monteverde thought this solo difficult, for he has written two versions of it, one over the other in the score, of which the top line is very much less florid than the bottom. He gives a stage direction: *Orfeo, al suono*

del organo di legno ed un chitarone, canta una sola delle due parti. This is the first phrase in the two versions as they appear in the score (Eitner):

Ex. 2.

Pos - sen - te spir -

Pos - sen - te spir - to . . .

to.

Vln.

Monteverde made for himself a reputation as an innovator; the modern listener can appreciate that only by an effort of the imagination, his feelings being rather those of the man who discovered that *Hamlet* was full of quotations. He cannot help being interested in hearing the germs of much that was to come later, even if he is paying attention to it as a work of art and not as to a guide in a museum or to a demonstration in musical history. The resemblances to more modern works leap out at you, and there is no need to search carefully for far-fetched parallels, such for example as the one which likens the opening Toccata to the Prelude of *Rhinegold* because both are built on a single tonic chord in root position throughout their entire length. The general effect of much of the harmony suggests Purcell in its astringent quality, though the short sections and the abrupt modulations to related keys are characteristic of the earlier period. The opening of Orpheus's song of joy suggested Handel to me when I heard it, by virtue of its rhythm and breadth of style, but on playing it over afterwards the harmony sounded more prophetic of Purcell:

Ex. 3.

Qual o nor . . . di te sia

deg - no, mia cetra omni po - ten - te . . .

&c.

A favourite progression of Brahms occurs:

Ex. 4.

in quei campi di prou - te di do - lo - re

&c.

and recalls a passage in the F major Symphony.

His use of *ritornellos*, of which I have already quoted one example, is the precursor of the *leit-motif*, in that it is a deliberate attempt to produce a definite emotional atmosphere for dramatic purposes by instrumental means, though of course the association of the phrase of music with particular events and characters is as yet very loose.

One of the most remarkable features of the work is the great flexibility and power of the recitative, which is very light, and carries the drama forward more rapidly than does a good deal of the recitative in later works. Opera, we are told, arose out of an attempt to declaim Greek drama, and there is a certain nimbleness about *Orfeo* which it probably owes to this cause. We almost wish that Wagner had sent Wotan to school with Orfeo to learn how to tell a story in recitative. But poor Wotan spoke neither Greek nor Italian—*presque impossible*, as D'Indy says.

M. Bourgeois has given us a taste of a work that is truly described as epoch-making, and it has stimulated our appetite for the complete thing. Will not someone interested in chamber opera stage it for us?

#### THE BOURNEMOUTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL

At Easter the third Municipal Musical Festival began at Bournemouth, and lasted for a fortnight. It was predominantly a festival of orchestral music, varied only by three recitals and two choral performances of Parry's *Judith*. Three of the usual Thursday afternoon symphony concerts fell in the Festival period; in addition, Sir Henry Wood came down to conduct one concert, and there were two or three concerts which, though they did not contain symphonies in their programmes, included concertos

or other works of symphonic scale. Altogether twenty-four concerts were given, which allowed scope for plenty of variety, of which Sir Dan Godfrey availed himself to the full. By so doing he enabled regular attenders to make interesting comparisons, work out some sums in addition and subtraction, and arrive at a few general conclusions. The classics were conspicuously absent. Bach appeared only at Mr. Samuel's recital (excluding, for the moment, Elgar's arrangement of the C minor Organ Fugue); Brahms only at the recital of Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch; Beethoven was represented only by the *Leonora No. 3* Overture, which at a 'popular' evening concert secured more immediate and enthusiastic applause than any other single work; Mozart came off rather better with one or two arias and the A major Pianoforte Concerto which Mr. Gordon Bryan played at the last concert; Handel had an aria and an Elgarized Overture; Haydn did not appear at all; Wagner was packed into a concert of his own, and did not overflow into many others.

The great German classics were not given at the Festival because they are played all the year round at Bournemouth Winter Gardens, and Sir Dan Godfrey had other plans which he wished to execute. Without turning his concerts into curiosity-shops, he was able to give a very large number of modern English works. On Easter Monday, for instance, a dozen composers were represented, and seven of them were there in person to conduct. Indeed, the chief interest of the Festival lay in the comprehensive survey of British music which it was possible to make. For within fifteen days representative works of every British composer of eminence who has flourished in the last half-century were played, from right-wing composers like Stanford and Elgar, through moderate Liberals like Roger Quilter, Ethel Smyth, and the early Vaughan Williams, to Radicals like Frank Bridge, Mensheviks like Ireland and Bax, and thorough-going Bolsheviks like Eugène Goossens. Most of these works were unmistakably British in feeling, yet it was quite impossible to detect a common British idiom. What did appear very clearly, however, was the tendency of the younger school of composers to turn to Nature rather than human nature for their inspiration. Work after work, from Bantock's *Hebridean Symphony* and Frank Bridge's *The Sea*, to E. J. Moeran's symphonic impression *In a Mountain Country* and S. H. Braithwaite's *Snow Picture*, were purely pictorial, and many other compositions, like Foulds's *Music Pictures* and Goossens's *Four Conceits*, were translations into terms of sound of visual images. On the other hand, Elgar, Parry, and Ethel Smyth are interested not so much in what is observable by the eye as in what may be understood by the insight of a sympathetic mind. There were works intermediate between these two types, Bax's *November Woods*, Ethel Smyth's *The Cliffs of Cornwall*, and Maurice Besly's *Chelsea China Suite*, for example, where the visual picture is not merely set down in full score, but where the imagination sketches in some 'character'—but in these the vision, not the character, is the primary essence of the music. The Britisher, apparently, is essentially an 'extrovert' even in his music. How far the decline in religious enthusiasm and the chaos of contemporary philosophy are responsible for this state of things is an interesting speculation. But it is

certainly curious that our own English renaissance in music springs from an exactly opposite mental outlook to that which gave birth to the great German movement which began before Bach and continued till Brahms.

Another interesting feature of the Festival was the amount of good, light music that Sir Dan has found to balance the musical diet of a holiday resort. I have written at some length on what was interesting at the Festival; to that must be added in brief the statement that every concert was enjoyable. Balance in a programme is all-important for enjoyment, and there was one most amusing occasion when Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* drastically restored the equilibrium of a stiffish programme to the delight of everybody, including even the horn-spectacled *cognoscenti* who were present. The orchestral playing was excellent throughout, and the great virtue of Sir Dan as a conductor is that whether he likes the music or not he always gives an adequate and faithful performance of it. And it must not be supposed that he likes all the works that he gives. Indeed, perhaps the greatest value of this Festival to Music (with a capital M) is that the processes of natural selection can take place by allowing every kind of new work to be heard for a second or third time. First performances get most newspaper attention, but it is these repetitions of seldom-performed works that are really more important for everyone concerned. Impressions of the Festival that remain vivid after several weeks' interval are: among the less familiar works, Bantock's *Hebridean Symphony* and Braithwaite's *Snow Picture*; among 'effects,' the use of the pianoforte as an orchestral instrument by Howells and Braithwaite, and the use of quarter-tones as a dissolving view between two pictures by Foulds; in the realm of virtuosity, the wonders performed by the two Bournemouth drummers who preside over ten percussion instruments; among great performances, Sir Dan Godfrey's readings of Elgar's *Enigma* Variations and first *Symphony*; among tortured and ungrateful music—but no, *nil nisi bonum de vivis*.

F. H.

## Occasional Notes

We congratulate *The Gramophone* on the completion of its first volume. The ordinary musical journal covers so much ground and surveys so wide a field, that with the best will in the world it cannot spare the space necessary for full discussion of gramophone matters. Only a journal devoted entirely to the subject can meet the situation, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie's venture does so in a thoroughly live manner. We are asked to state that, owing to the ever-growing calls on its space, it will begin its new volume (June) doubled in size and price (1s. instead of 6d.).

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on the Rev. G. R. Woodward. The honour is well-deserved, for Dr. Woodward has done long and valuable service on behalf of Church music. Such collections as *The Cowley Carol Book* and *Songs of Syon* have not only brought to light and into regular use much delightful old poetry and music; they have also played no small part in setting an improved standard in hymnody. The mention of poetry reminds us of



Dr. Woodward's distinguished work as translator of mediæval hymns and carols, and we are glad to hear that he has in the press yet another collection. It will be called *The Cambridge Carol Book*, the bulk of text and music being drawn from Cambridge writers, past and present: Thomas Tussle, Neale, G. H. Palmer, Charles Wood, &c.

The appointment of Sir Edward Elgar to the post of Master of the King's Musick is welcome on two grounds. First, it disposes of the doubts as to the continuance of the ancient office. Music in this country receives so little encouragement from high quarters that the abolition of one of the few State musical posts would have been a real grievance. The post being saved, it could not be bestowed more fittingly than on Sir Edward Elgar. As *The Times* remarked, the office is best regarded as a musical equivalent of the Poet Laureateship, and, this being so, Sir Edward is clearly marked out as our Musical Laureate. With so distinguished a composer as Master, music, and above all, British music, may well receive more consideration at Court than has hitherto been the case.

The broadcasting of the King's speech at Wembley led to an unconsciously amusing article in the *Daily News* by Alicia Adelaide Needham. The heading alone was worth the money:

OCTAVE RANGE  
WOMAN MUSICIAN ANALYSES KING'S  
MUSICAL TONES

Then follows this note with its delightful *non sequitur*:

Mrs. Needham, as a musician, gives below her impression of the musical quality of the King's voice. She is the only woman who has conducted the Irish and Scots Guards bands at the Albert Hall.

Mrs. Needham heard the ceremony as 'one of a silent company of two hundred in a hospitable shop.' Having dropped a bouquet to H.R.H. ('then the Prince spoke, beautiful, clear, refined, and splendid, a wonderful voice to match our wonderful Prince'), she goes on:

Immediately after the King replied. I soon forgot to try to catch his words, as I was absorbed in listening to the music of his voice and jotting down its compass.

Then (in large type, and in the fattest of musical notation, as befits so momentous a pronouncement):

So many people have only three or four notes in the speaking voice, but the King has a splendid octave range. Very often it drops a sixth, sometimes a seventh, finishing afterwards on the key-note:



KING'S VOICE, AS MRS. NEEDHAM HEARD IT.

We heard the King's speech later in the day, and we have also a very good gramophone record of his voice, but it doesn't really sound like Mrs. Needham's chant, which has a strong suggestion of Fate taking an extra good wallop at the door. Still, we know what Mrs. Needham means, though she should have contented herself with merely mentioning the downward drop of the Royal voice. Quite a lot of readers of the *Daily News* know what a drop of a sixth sounds like, without taking the paper to the pianoforte and playing it.

However, now that the *Daily News* shows itself able to spare so much space for one of the things that don't matter, perhaps the Editor may be able to dole out a few more lines for musical criticism and

news. For one reader who was interested in hearing a woman musician's 'analysis' of the King's voice there are dozens who would like to hear a good deal more from the *Daily News's* musical critic.

That excellent body the League of Arts promises three performances of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* in Hyde Park on the afternoons (Saturdays) of July 5, 12, and 19. Amateur singers or orchestral players who wish to take part should apply for particulars at once to the Secretary, The Guildhouse, 12, Berwick Street, S.W.1. It is hoped that at least five hundred singers and players will be available. The League's fixtures for June are as follows: Sing-Song, led by Geoffrey Shaw and the League Choir (7); a Pageant of Dancing by the Mayfair School of Dancing (14); Folk-Dances by the English Folk-Dance Society, directed by Cecil Sharp (21); and a Song Festival and Display by two thousand Girl Guides, conducted by Martin Shaw (28). All these shows take place in Hyde Park, and will be given twice, at 3 and 7 p.m. Now it's up to the Clerk of the Weather!

The Hereford (Three Choirs) Festival is fixed for September 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12, with an attractive scheme that includes a new work by Edgar Bainton (*The Tower*), the B minor Mass, Brahms's *Requiem* and fourth Symphony, Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Elgar's *Go, song of mine, Gerontius, The Kingdom*, and the Violoncello Concerto, besides the customary *Elijah* and *The Messiah*. The only item that makes us lift a questioning eyebrow is Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which will surely sound tawdry than ever in such company. On the purely orchestral side there will be new works by Atkins, Brewer, Reed, and Brent-Smith, and among the songs is Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge*. The list of soloists is long and strong. Dr. Percy Hull will be conductor.

Several interesting musical events will take place in Westminster Abbey during June and July. On June 2, at 8, a recital of unaccompanied Motets by the Special Service Choir will take place. On June 30, at 8, there will be a special evensong at which the music will be chosen entirely from the works of Stanford. This service is one of a series of annual commemorations of great Church composers. It had been intended to make the 1924 service a Croft celebration, but the death of Stanford made a change of plan inevitable. The Abbey Choir will be assisted by the Special Service Choir. Tickets for June 2 and 30 may be had from the Secretary, W.A.S.C., The Song School, Westminster Abbey (stamped, addressed envelope).

A service that should be of unique interest is promised for July 7, at 6, when a programme, mainly unaccompanied, will be sung by a body about five hundred strong, drawn from the choirs of the Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Chapel Royal, and St. George's Chapel; Canterbury, Chichester, Chelmsford, Ely, Peterborough, Rochester, St. Albans, Southwark, and Winchester Cathedrals; and from various College Chapels of Oxford and Cambridge. Rarely can such a collection of trained boys and men have been got together. The details of the programme are not yet settled, but we understand that it will be illustrative of the main periods of Church music. This notable service is in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, and it is hoped that all who apply for tickets will send a generous contribution.

Wembley visitors who examine the Queen's Doll's-House will observe that in the music-room are volumes of music. They may be interested to know that these tiny books (prepared by Messrs. Novello) are the real thing, and not mere covers. Here is a list of this diminutive library :

'Distant Chimes' ... ..	Mackenzie.
'Pavane' ... ..	German.
'The Hardy Tin Soldiers' ... ..	York Bowen.
'Highland Dance' ... ..	McEwen.
'Solemn Melody' ... ..	Walford Davies.
Suite in F ... ..	Parry.
'The Rachray Man' ... ..	Hamilton Harty.
'Crossing the Bar' ... ..	Bridge.
'The Days of Old' ... ..	Holbrooke.
'The Adoration' ... ..	Ireland.
'Madame Noy' ... ..	Bliss.
Four Songs ... ..	Holst.
Three Songs ... ..	Lord Berners.
'Four Conceits' ... ..	Goossens.
'Nereid' ... ..	Bax.
'A Toy Story' ... ..	Stanford.
'Adoration' ... ..	Frank Bridge.
'Fairy Lullaby' ... ..	Quilter.
'Country Dance' ... ..	Bainton.
'The Nightingale' ... ..	Delius.
'Margaret' ... ..	Austin.
'The Talisman' ... ..	Maddison.
'The Dancer' ... ..	Smyth.
'Childhood' ... ..	Coven.
'The Knight's Leap' ... ..	Parratt.
'Songlets for Children' ... ..	Lady Arthur Hill.
'Nursery Songs' ... ..	Sharp.

We give an illustration of the Parry volume, and a facsimile of the four pages of the *Gigue* therefrom :



A new kind of sight-test for eagle-eyed readers !

## Music in the Foreign Press

A MEMORY OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF  
FRANCK'S VIOLIN SONATA

In *Les Tablettes de la Schola* (March), appeared an obituary by Vincent d'Indy of Madame Bordes-Pène, the gifted pianist whose artistic career was prematurely cut short in 1890 by an attack of paralysis. It was she and Ysaye who gave the first performance of Franck's Violin Sonata.

We all remember that winter afternoon. Night was falling. The hall of the Brussels Musée Moderne, where the concert was taking place, could not be lit up. By the time when the third movement of the Sonata was reached, it had become impossible to read the music. The organizers hesitated awhile. Was the end of the performance to be postponed? But Ysaye rapped his desk with his bow, and shouted, 'Ahead, quick!'—and the two admirable musicians boldly proceeded to play the *Finale*. The darkness was such that they remained invisible even to the first rank of the audience.

### TRIVIALITY IN MUSIC

The March issue of *Der Auftakt* is devoted to various articles on the trivial aspects of music. Dr. Einstein writes on triviality, Dr. Nettl on street-songs, Erwin Schulhoff on drawing-room dance-tunes, Erwin Schul on operetta, and Erwin Hoff (these coincidences are really remarkable !) on public-house music. Paul Hindemith relates little stories of the concert-room. The problem, What is trivial in music, and why? remains unsolved. Dr. Einstein's article, however, provides a few slight clues.

Triviality in music hardly existed before the 19th century, when began to appear the perverted versions of folk-tunes which could crop up only in big cities. Whenever a period of ripeness of expression is reached, banality may ensue. Banality constitutes a recognition of the boundaries of expression, coupled with an incapacity to fill the acknowledged forms with live matter. Triviality is a protest from the proletarian, and there was no proletariat before the 19th century. The one instance of conscious triviality in first-rate music occurs in the final *prestissimo* of Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*.

### MODERN HARMONY

In the same issue a contrast is provided by Bruno Weigl, who deals in grim earnest with questions of modern harmony.

### SMETANA'S CENTENARY

Most of us know very few of Smetana's works, and are in no position to form a sound appraisal of his music. The scarcity of critical literature on the subject of his works renders the articles now appearing in Central Europe on the occasion of the centenary of his birth doubly useful to investigators in other countries. Among these should be mentioned contributions by Dr. E. Rychnowsky in *Die Musik* (March), the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (March), and *Der Auftakt* (February); by E. Janetschek in the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (March), and Hába's 'Smetana and Modern Music,' in the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (March).

There is also, for those who can deal with Czech, a special number (March) of the Prag *Hudební Vychova*.

## WELLESZ'S 'ALKESTIS'

The same issue of the *Anbruch* contains an essay by Dr. Alfred Rosenzweig on Wellesz's *Alkestis*, recently performed at Mannheim.

In the April issue, Dr. Hermann Erpf notices the performance, and offers various remarks on points of interest in the work.

## RE-ENTER THE 'NEUE MUSIK ZEITUNG'

On April 1 the *Neue Musik Zeitung* resumed publication. The issue contains hitherto unpublished or only partly published letters from Beethoven, the most important being one to Blöchlinger, which refers to Beethoven's nephew Karl, and one to Sir George Smart, of March 6, 1827, printed for the first time in full. Comments are provided by Dr. Max Unger.

The first instalment of an essay on 'Style in Music,' by Dr. Ernst Bücken, should also be mentioned. I shall revert to it after the whole essay has appeared.

## OTHER BEETHOVEN LETTERS

In *Le Ménestrel* (March 28), Jean Chantavoine publishes two letters from Beethoven—one to Rettich, referring to the dispatch of orchestral parts, and the other to Maurice Schlesinger, referring to the payment of eighty gold ducats for the copyright of the Quartets Opp. 132 and 135. It mentions projected quartets and a quintet, which were never written.

## FLORENT SCHMITT

P. O. Ferroud's essay on Florent Schmitt in the *Revue Musicale* (April) is by far the fullest and best ever devoted to this composer's music. The writer defines the idiosyncrasies of this music accurately and fully. He gives sound reasons for his admiration. The appended complete catalogue of this composer's output will surprise most readers, for few people know the amount and variety of Schmitt's published works.

## MÉHUL'S OPERAS

The April *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* contains a long and interesting essay on 'Méhul's Operas' by Heinrich Strobel. The writer's conclusion is:

Among the French dramatic composers of the post-Gluck period, Méhul stands closest to Gluck. He has exercised a considerable influence on German romantic opera with *Mélidore* and *Arion*. His comic-operas cannot stand comparison with Grétry's, Dalayrac's, or even Boieldieu's.

## STRAVINSKY'S 'NOCES' AND THE PUBLIC

In *La Prora* (March), Vittorio Rieti writes:

The story of the genesis of Stravinsky's *Noces* is most strange. The work was written in 1917 for a normal orchestra, then remodelled several times; it ended by being scored for four pianofortes and numerous percussion instruments. But several years elapsed between its completion and the production. Meanwhile, the number of people who admired *The Rite of Spring* had considerably increased. *Noces* was ready; but the chronological order was not followed, and Stravinsky's supporters were given *Mavra* to confront instead. They expected a potent alcohol, and were offered a cup of sweet chocolate with cream. By way of a sop to believers in Stravinsky's 'second manner'—the manner of *The Rite*—Diaghilev eventually produced *Noces*. What the composer thinks of it all is not known.

## MUSICAL JOURNALS OF ITALY

*La Critica Musicale* (delayed December issue) contains a useful list, compiled by Arnaldo Bonaventura, of Italian musical and theatrical periodicals from 1800 to the present day.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

## AN INHERENT DISABILITY OF MUSICAL CRITICISM

BY GEORGE M. COTTON

I.

Granting that musical criticism as we know it possesses a definite value, what warrant have we for assuming that this value is other than extrinsic? That is to say, are we justified in accepting it as being anything greater than a more or less agreeable literature which in fact does not touch in the smallest effective degree upon its chosen subject-matter? It must be admitted that the bulk of present-day musical criticism is simply a literary treatment of matters connected with performance, generally fortified by digression into history, anecdote, reminiscence, and the like. This is, briefly, musical criticism as we know it and as, for the most part, we accept it.

But if we ponder the question for a moment it will be clear that if a living interest in creative musical art is to be propagated, particularly amongst those sections of the musical public for whom attendance at good concerts is not always possible, and if composers are to be encouraged, or, where need be, admonished, by a critical appreciation of their work, musical criticism must become something else than a simple commentary on the qualities of performance. Something more satisfying than the current method will need to be evolved. Whether the present stage of development of the common musical sense is such as will allow of more direct means of conveying, in a literary form, musical ideas rather than ideas concerning music is a question which is perhaps worth considering. But there is a prior question which clamours for attention, namely, Is musical criticism practicable at all?

It is almost an axiom of criticism in its relation to works of art that the earnest critic will seek assiduously to view the subject of his criticism from the standpoint, not of an outsider (the 'consumer's' standpoint); not even the standpoint of a supremely judicial and highly-cultured outsider; but from the standpoint of the creator of the work himself. The complaint heard frequently (and not from composers alone) that criticism is too often merely destructive and almost never constructive, arises from the inability of the particular critic to realise this ideal attitude of mind towards his subject, and to refrain from plying his pen until he has schooled himself to think from *that* side and not from *this* side. The reviewer of a novel will not, if he be truly critical, set down his opinions and feelings as the novel-reader but as the novel-maker—the novel-maker with his prepossessions or dissatisfactions thrown off and wholly divested of his intense personal consciousness of his work. The practical value in the criticism will then, apart from legitimate comment on style, taste, and development—in fact, technique—be found in its detached and unprejudiced regard of the essential achievement of the writer: e.g., the play of character in the persons of the story as they are themselves played upon by and react to environment and incident deliberately created for them by their own creator. The point will not be

so much, 'Has this novel succeeded as the novel of this author?' as 'Has this author succeeded as the author of this novel?'

Similarly the art critic will not say, 'What a tree!' or 'This flock of sheep is very fine!' (I do not suggest that his vocabulary is as poverty-stricken as would seem from these illustrative sentences.) Accepting the jumping-off place of the artist, he will rather ask himself before he writes a word, 'Is this tree reasonable and convincing as I imagine the artist to have seen it?'; and 'Do I correctly catch the vision of the painter when he gave immortality to this flock of sheep?' It is the aim and intention of the artist that count in such criticism, not the desires, prejudices, and predilections of the public. It were easy to elaborate upon the latter as themes, but it requires concentrated effort justly to set a valuation on the former. This is truism, and elementary at that; but for him who would be honestly critical it is truism that may not be disregarded or ignored.

It is worth repeating that far too much of current musical criticism (when it is not glorified reporting) is mere chatter, pleasant or unpleasant, witty, vain, or precious, revolving almost entirely around the details and distractions associated with performance. Accepting again the assistance of analogy (though my conclusion has the effect of annihilating analogy), the reviewer of novels or the critic of pictures who occupied nine-tenths of his available space with a dissertation on the nature of light and its mode of propagation, and who devoted the remaining one-tenth to a hasty and obviously timid sentence or two on the true *corpus vile*, would exhaust himself in less than a week. And the analogy is perfect, since a picture or a book 'performs' itself. It simply hangs on the wall or rests in the hand, and the operation of light-rays does the rest. The picture continues gaily to perform even when there is nobody to look at it, though it ceases with the light. The book starts performing the moment it is opened, provided it is not opened in the absence of light.

Colour, as used in painting, exists only in the presence of white light, but so long as that condition is satisfied the performance of the picture continues, and so continues without human intervention. Colour is not an entity, but is a potentiality, which informs all visible and not perfectly transparent matter, and which perhaps most fully informs the pigments chosen by the painter. Essentially, all that the latter essays is to combine potentialities on a canvas. This being done, they function uniformly in white light and the picture is in being. By the same process is literature 'performed,' though it is a simpler process, since the only relation involved is that between a comparatively light 'colour'—the paper, and a comparatively dark 'colour'—the print. In either case, the success of the performance depends solely upon the intensity of the right kind of light and the efficiency of the observer's or reader's eye, and the point to note is that this performance is automatic and incapable of direct control without prejudicially affecting the value of the work itself. In other words, it has nothing whatever to do with either the merits of the picture as a picture or the merits of the novel as a novel.

In music, however, performance is not automatic (in the first instance at least); it has to be effected by human intervention, and it has to be humanly controlled—fallibly in each case. Musical sound, as we are considering it, does not originate

spontaneously. The waters have to be troubled before the angel will appear. Performance supplies the required agency, and almost inevitably the act of performance forces itself to the front and dominates the mind of the listener to the exclusion of more important considerations. It certainly diverts the attention of the serious critic from the music itself, and when it thrusts itself, as it does, into musical criticism, it is actually an irrelevancy of the first magnitude. For the pure criticism of music it is necessary to eliminate all consciousness of performance; to treat it as 'out of order'; to let the music *per se* remain in possession of the arena, thus reducing the influence of performance to the *nil* which is its value in the cited examples of the picture and the book. The mind is thus left free to regard the stuff itself apart from the mode of its presentation, just as we are, without effort, supremely unaware, when reading a book or gazing at a picture, of the mechanical functioning of the light reflected from their respective surfaces.

## II.

Assuming, then, that musical criticism will endeavour to elude the impact of performance (which may nevertheless form a desirable subject for separate treatment), and to discard the manifold irrelevancies and distractions bound up with performance, what must be the mental state of the ideal critic? If we were to regard music as capable of being pressed into the company of the representative arts, the question here discussed would not arise. If a man write a concert-overture and call it *Somerset*, and if music be truly representative, actually there are two possibilities open to our critic. Should he know nothing of the tunes, topics, and topography of Somersetshire, he may always look up his Shakespeare, and thus prepare himself for getting, as he will honestly believe, into the shoes of the composer. If, on the other hand, he cares not a rap for decapitated Dukes, but loves that southern countryside, he may concentrate his mind on his recollections of its tunes and topics, and so make a very good attempt to live up to his understanding of the ideal. What a blow, then, to find later that the composer was all the time thinking of Cornwall—had, in fact, made public confession of his lack of a bump of locality; or that more likely he was simply writing music and was thinking of nothing on earth! How futile the whole proceeding! The labelling of abstract music may help to collect, and for a short time to retain collected, the wandering thoughts of the average audience at our present stage of culture, but it is obviously an obstacle to criticism. What of the listener from Pernambuco or Achnasheen who has never heard of either Duke or dukedom? It would actually seem as if he were, after all, in the more favourable condition for producing criticism, since his mind would at least be unencumbered by historical or topographical entanglements.

But supposing that any such risks have been eliminated by the specific announcement that it is the Duke whom the composer had in mind. Our serious critic is faced with the definite task of, as it were, checking the music in terms of the deceased as he appealed to the composer. But even with the knowledge obtainable of the Duke of Somerset in, say, *Henry VI.*—with, if you wish the easier hypothesis, even an accurate and sympathetic



acquaintance with the countryside denoted by the tree—there is no critic in this universe who will succeed.

We all know what a tree is. We may all check our observation of the painted tree through our recollections of a real tree. We may then try to visualise the tree in the light in which the artist visualised it. Having accomplished so much we may pass on to our reservations and our criticism in approximately the right frame of mind. What we cannot yet do is to verify the musical treatment of a tree, or of a duke, or of a countryside, or of any *thing*—phenomenon or noumenon—so as to be in a position to 'auralise' it in assumed sympathy with the composer.

It is but a short step to the consideration of how the hypothetical critic is to deal with a new symphony—or with an old one for the matter of that—apart from questions of form, orchestration—in fact, technique again. How is he in all conscientiousness to write about the first hearing of a string quartet, confining himself to the quartet and repelling the interpretation given by the particular group of players who happen to be playing it? He has neither the capacity nor the opportunity for stepping into the shoes of the composer. It is a sheer impossibility for him to treat, in accordance with his axiom, of either the one or the other. For before he has dipped his pen he is up against the hitherto impenetrable barrier which separates musical expression from all the things of which he has had palpable or visual experience, or of which he is aware that others have had palpable or visual experience. A symphony can only be criticised in relation to other symphonies; a quartet only in relation to other quartets. But nobody will suggest that a composer writes 'about' other music. The critic in music cannot follow the critic of pictures. However proficient he may be in musical technique and in experience of music, he cannot divest himself of his own predilections and in exchange put on the predilections of the composer. He is mentally incapable of throwing himself overboard and in the same operation installing the composer on the bridge in his own stead. In short, it would appear that musical criticism in a sense analogous to criticism in other branches of art is an impossibility altogether. The *phrase* is verbally intelligible but intellectually inconceivable. The *thing* is neither musical, nor can it be criticism.

### III.

Is this really so? We are unwilling to believe that music is to be placed carefully by itself, far from contact with a literary treatment of it having as its object practical exposition, suggestion, or admonition: argued and not merely opinionative praise or blame. But leaving aside the fact of the poverty of the vocabulary of musical criticism (which is another story), it would certainly appear that at present men cannot treat of music in any way whatsoever without the doubtful assistance of performance. How much more obvious is it then that criticism, which should discuss music in words, is inherently disabled? Placing on one side the inevitable defects bound up with performance, we are driven to the conclusion that no critic of music can adopt the axiom so frequently referred to herein, because the only relation available for his critical sense is the relation between the music which he hears and the music—not some other sounds—which

he has previously heard; and this does not satisfy the requirement. It is as if the painting of a tree could not be criticised without our being subconsciously aware of all—not trees—but paintings of trees, and as if having successfully achieved that position we should be still prevented, by an inescapable and irremovable limitation of the mind, from understanding or attempting to understand how the artist saw the tree when he painted it. The result would appear to be, as already hinted, that there can practically be no such thing as genuine musical criticism; that no musician can hope to learn from our attempted criticism anything of musical value to him in connection with a work which he has not heard performed; and that no composer can hope to read anything truly helpful ('constructive') regarding his ideas, apart from their mode of presentation.

The time may yet come when, eliminating performance altogether and confining our acquaintance with, say, orchestral instruments, to a grounding in their technique and the characters of their various sounds, we shall, instead of trailing to concert-halls, sit comfortably at home by our own firesides, full score in hand, and 'listen' to the latest Elgar Symphony; or pick up a Bax or a Boughton at the bookstall wherewith to wile away the weariness of a railway journey. In the meantime we have to be our own critics as occasion may offer, and hear things for ourselves—but that again is to start off on the same vicious circle once more. We may satisfactorily criticise a conductor or a performer, but when it comes to the music itself likes and dislikes will out; personal feelings, influenced by 'interpretation,' will dominate, and we shall find ourselves as far away as ever from being able to hear, from the composer's end, the *matter* of his music. We may debate the artistic worth of his thematic material; we may determine whether it be original, banal, imitated, or 'cribbed.' We may groan 'Too long,' or sniff 'Too ambitious'; we may sigh 'Too short,' or simply content ourselves with a non-committal 'Too too.' But how much 'forrader' are we? We have no independent standard—that is, nothing independent of other music; there is no recognisable relation to our experience, except again our experience of other music: we cannot tell what the composer had in mind, and it is exceedingly doubtful if he himself could tell us, except that he might admit that he wanted to compose music. The circle closes again and again, and the endeavour to grasp even one loose end of it has always to be abandoned.

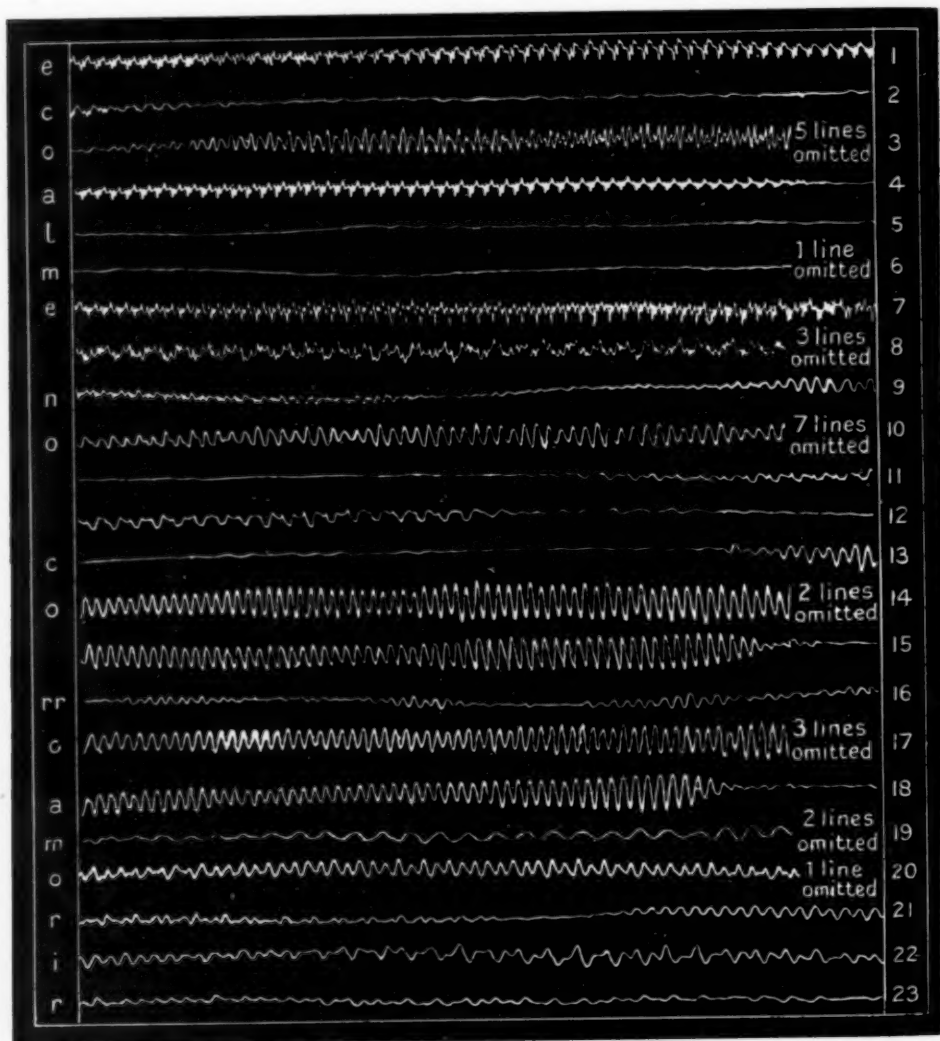
### THE CURVES OF CARUSO

BY PROF. E. W. SCRIPTURE

For many years at Yale University I was engaged in tracing off the curves from gramophone discs and measuring the speech waves. One of these discs contained a record by Caruso of the song 'Di quella pirra,' from *Il Trovatore*. The disc was made to rotate with extreme slowness—about once in four hours. The steel needle running in the groove moved a long, very light lever whose point traced the curve with an enlargement of three hundred times on a moving band of smoked paper. A piece of this tracing is shown on the next page. The line runs 'O teco almeno corro a morir!' The top line shows the last half of the *e* of 'teco.' Each of the groups

of waves represents one vibration of the voice; the small waves give the vocal character. The second line is occupied by  $c (=k)$ . Usually this would be a straight line; here there are vibrations. All such vibrations represent vibrations from the larynx, that is, a tone of the voice. The usual  $c$  has no laryngeal vibrations. Since this  $c$  of Caruso's has

slackens off the vibrations at the consonants instead of stopping them. Every omnibus driver knows that he should only slacken the speed of his motor when asked to stop, and should not really stop unless forced to do so; after a full stop it is harder to get up speed again. This is precisely what Caruso did with his larynx. Instead of stopping and starting abruptly



TRACING FROM A GRAMOPHONE RECORD BY ENRICO CARUSO

vibrations we have proof that he voiced this sound. The waves are not very strong, and the voicing is not loud; nevertheless it is voiced. The same condition is found in the record of  $t$  (not shown in the Figure). These two sounds were sung by Caruso not like the usual unvoiced  $t$  and  $c$ , but as voiced sounds rather inclined toward  $d$  and  $g$ .

Let us consider now what this means as a matter of voice mechanics. In the phrase as usually sung the larynx vibrates during the three vowels and stops during the two consonants. Caruso, however, only

and precisely, he simply slowed down at the consonants. The result was a smooth and pleasing vocal gesture instead of precise but mechanical sounds.

One evening I showed these curves to Caruso and his friends. I tried to explain to him the wonderful perfection of his art that produced such a result. Instead of feeling flattered he became indignant, and declared that he had sung 'O teo' correctly and not something that might sound somewhat like 'O dago.' He seemed to think that I was pointing out flaws in his singing.

Look now at line 14. It is from the first part of the vowel *o*. At the end of line 13 you will find the very beginning of this vowel. Before it there occurs the same *c* that we have just described. Just before this *c* in line 12 there are strong waves as of a vowel; these waves begin in the middle of line 11. There is no vowel here in the text. On carefully listening to the disc you will hear a short indefinite vowel before the *c*. If Caruso had started after a pause to sing a typical *c* with the *k*-sound he would have begun with silence. If you try it yourself you will find that you start with an open mouth and no sound; only at the end of the *c* can anything be heard. Caruso, however, makes this sound audible by putting a minute vowel before it, so minute that you do not really hear it, and yet you get an impression of the whole of the *c*. It was a consummate piece of art of which Caruso himself knew nothing. After my experience with 'O teco,' I did not dare to tell him of it.

Line 8 puzzled me greatly at first. It is not like any curve I have ever seen. According to the text it must be a vowel curve, yet such a curve is an impossibility. It looked like a vowel curve produced with a violent wobbling of the tracing apparatus. I knew that the apparatus could not wobble, or even jar, because it was suspended with as great care as a galvanometer; yet I traced this curve over several times. The result was always the same. On listening carefully to the gramophone disc, I could hear that there was a difference in Caruso's voice at this point. He seemed to be crying. There was a tear in his voice, and this curve is a picture of the tear. How he did it, or how anyone can put a tear into the voice, is beyond imagination—but here is the registration of such a tear.

Lines 15 and 18 give the endings of two vowels. You will notice how the waves become stronger just at the close. This is true of nearly all Caruso's vowels. He does not let them fade away at the end, but snaps them off with an extremely brief but marked increase of intensity.

There are many other such facts about Caruso's voice in the tracings. They may in a good sense be called the tricks of the trade. This means that the true artist does not do his singing in a mechanical manner but in a quite different way. One of these ways I almost hesitate to tell, but I will point it out briefly.

The horizontal length of a wave-group in the tracing depends on the pitch of the voice. A group horizontally long registers a low tone, one horizontally short a high tone. By measuring the length of each group in the song we can calculate the pitch of the voice at each instant. If the waves of any line, say the first, were all of the same horizontal length, the record would show that the vowel was sung on a constant pitch, as is indicated by the note in the music. Measurements of the waves throughout this record show that Caruso's voice never remains at the same pitch for more than an instant, but varies always slightly. He does not sing the exact notes indicated by the music as an organ or other mechanical instrument would. His voice rises and falls and twists around the tones instead of sticking to them. The result is that the song has nothing mechanical about it, but is full of life and emotion. This is the height of perfection in human artistic action. I did not tell Caruso anything about this. He would have suspected that I was intimating that he sang out of tune.

Still another secret of Caruso's voice—perhaps the most important one of all—lies in these curves. The melodious ring of his voice can be heard from the gramophone discs. Since the curves are accurate tracings from one of the discs, this quality lies before our eyes in the peculiar forms of the waves. Yet we cannot understand the peculiarity, because we cannot interpret the waves. They are like the hieroglyphic inscriptions that were quite meaningless until the Rosetta stone was discovered. The only way to interpret the waves is to analyse them by means of fine measurements and mathematical formulas. This is a task of such gigantic magnitude that it has not yet been carried out. When this has been done we shall know more of Caruso's secret.

Not only that. To understand fully Caruso's voice, we must make studies of the voices of other great singers. The peculiarities of the voices of Tamagno, Chaliapin, Farrar, and others must be analysed in the same way. We shall then know the qualities that constitute a great voice.

I spent a jolly evening with Caruso. He had a gramophone, and played negro melodies. He hummed to them like a child, and said they were his favourite music. He did not care to talk about operatic music; it bored him. Indeed, I sometimes had the feeling that he really cared no more for opera than he would have cared for any other trade by which he could have made as good a living. Perhaps he would have been just as happy keeping an *osteria* on the Bay of Naples. This, again, was one of the secrets of his art. His friends told me that he sang his parts on the stage without an effort, even almost carelessly. After an opera he would come off not in the least tired, but ready for a lark of any kind. They pointed out that the other singers went to their dressing-rooms reeking with perspiration. They had been working; Caruso had been playing. One who works with his voice cannot produce the wonderful tone that comes from a care-free soul. Caruso sang as thoughtlessly, as carelessly, and as beautifully as a bird. Perhaps it was just because he never thought about his voice that he sang so well.

The musicians have recorded their opinions of Caruso's way of singing. Richard Strauss once said, 'He sings the soul of the melody.' Leo Blech, the musical director of the State Opera at Berlin, writes, in his *Memories of Caruso*:

In the soulful expression of the melody his genius brought to light the deepest and the minutest elements that it could contain in the way of expression. . . . How could anyone think of all the technical devices? Where were breath control, phrasing, and register? Words, mere words! Here there were no devices; here there was only Art itself! And Art consisted in Expression. He possessed the ability to make one forget that he was singing. . . . He painted human fates in melodies and tones. . . . His singing was more than song; it was always Expression. . . . He was beyond all technique. He simply had a musical soul, which revealed itself in unforgettable dynamic expressions and vocal shadings.

What the musicians have tried to say in their figurative language is exactly the same as what has been stated in scientific prose as the results of the studies of the curves. In brief, there was nothing mechanical about his singing; it was a production of unconscious art of the most beautiful kind.

## New Music

### PIANOFORTE MUSIC

There is so much muddled and pretentious pianoforte writing to-day that clarity and wholesomeness are more than ever welcome. That is the feeling one has after running through Book 1 of Ernest Austin's *Borrowed Melodies* (Larway). Mr. Austin takes a dozen Scots folk-tunes and makes delightful little pianoforte pieces of them, averaging about a couple of pages in length, and of very moderate difficulty. Not often does a reviewer return again and again to the music he is at work upon, and play it for mere pleasure, as this present reviewer has done with *Borrowed Melodies*. I hope Mr. Austin will borrow lots more, and treat them all as well as he has treated these. (As a matter of fact, he is on the task now, and sets of Swedish and Welsh tunes are promised.)

Thomas Wood's *The Orchard at Hunthay* (Forsyth) has also a folk-song basis, the main theme being in that vein. The treatment is elaborate, and calls for a good pianist. There is real charm here of a wavy, delicate kind, and the writing shows a fine knowledge of keyboard effect.

A dashing bravura solo is Sydney Rosenbloom's *Polonaise in A flat* (Augener). It would not be a polonaise if it did not recall certain famous models here and there, but it is none the worse for that. Its player must have good technique in chords and octaves.

Martin Shaw's *Three Sketches* (Cramer) seem to suggest that the composer is less happy with pianoforte than with voice. He seems to need the stimulus of a poem, and the keyboard writing is not so good as in his song accompaniments.

John Heath's *Reflexions* (Winthrop Rogers) are of the troubled kind that express themselves through almost constant chromaticism and dissonance. There is so much good stuff in them that one wishes the composer could have said his say more simply, and with less of the monotony that is almost inevitable when the tonality is so restless.

Such a title as *From Tudor Times* (Elkin) raises definite expectations. H. Scott-Baker's Suite bearing this label does little to justify it. The first of its three pieces is called *Maggiolata*, is headed by a verse from Browning, and is frankly modern in style; No. 2 is a *Galliard*, with a quotation from Milton, and the main theme suggests an old dance, so we get warmer; No. 3 is called *Aylesbury Fair*, but the only Tudor touch is in the verse quoted from Dowland, 'Fine knacks for ladies,' &c. The music of all three pieces is spirited and well-written, though perhaps *Aylesbury Fair* is a little too long for the interest of its material. Mr. Scott-Baker has a good touch in light music, and shows it here, though to less advantage than in some other works.

Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto has been arranged for two pianofortes by Walter Niemann (Steingraber, Leipzig; Bosworth). Dr. Niemann has prepared this version after careful examination of the edition revised by the composer, and of the marginal notes of his (Dr. Niemann's) father, a famous player of his day. The orchestral part is very conveniently laid out, and presents no undue difficulty, so where there are two pianofortes, and one first-rate player and one moderate ditto, the edition will be welcome.

Of Kaikhosru Sorabji's second Sonata (Curwen) this reviewer can only say what he has said before in dealing with the composer's works. The music is unplayable for all but virtuosi; it is of such complexity that mental hearing of it is impossible save in brief passages; and a painful reading of it at the keyboard is useless, because music so dissonant cannot be judged when played at any but its right speed, when the various conflicting elements fall into their place instead of sticking out. At times Mr. Sorabji appears to ask of the instrument rather more than it can do with clarity, but here again one speaks with diffidence. Perhaps in such passages clarity is not required. After looking at these bewildering pages one can only say that the proper medium for such music is the player-piano. If Mr. Sorabji wishes to write for the ordinary pianoforte, he should express himself in such a way that the ordinary, keen player should be able to tackle the result with at least as much success as he is able to achieve in tackling the classical pianoforte repertory. At present Mr. Sorabji is holding us at arm's length; if he has anything good to say, we want to come in and share it.

H. G.

### VIOLIN MUSIC

Goby Eberhardt's method has been known for some years in Germany, and appreciated, as any such work must be, which considers in a thoughtful and logical manner the problems confronting the student of the violin. For the same reason an English edition would be welcomed in this country, but the edition which has just been issued by Messrs. D. Rahter, of Leipzig, can hardly be described as 'English.' The cover bears the inscription, 'Made in Germany,' and, unfortunately, it is not only the printing that was 'made in Germany.' The merest glance through these pages proves that the directions and instructions intended for use in Anglo-Saxon countries were also 'made in Germany.' Certainly it is not the English of Stratford-atte-Bow, though it may well be the English of Berlin or Leipzig. Oddly enough, the elementary knowledge of notes, time, and accidentals, has been translated into English as if no such matter had ever been whispered in a non-German treatise. But the lengthy discourse on teaching and learning (vol. iv.), which contains the gist of Eberhardt's teaching, is given only in German. As to the translations of the commentary to the studies, these are not only obscure but are often misleading. When we meet 'exercises for broken chords,' not being broken chords ourselves, we shall leave the exercises severely alone—which obviously is not what the author intends us to do. Or, again, when we are told that scales are to be practised in the three 'forms,' we shall vainly turn to the dictionary to find what 'form' means applied to a scale. What is the 'large' swing of the bow-arm, what of the 'lightning movement with rolling of the arm'? No violinist we ever heard 'rolled' his arm, and one wonders how it can be done. Many violinists have an unfortunate habit of pitching and tossing while playing—but to roll only one arm at a time is surely a new accomplishment.

The five volumes of the present edition do not take us very far. The first three are concerned with elementary matter, the fourth is purely letterpress, and the fifth consists of the 'musical part to the studying material'—whatever that may mean. It contains not a single exercise in double stopping nor



in harmonics. But it gives studies in broken thirds—which broken thirds of Goby Eberhardt's appear endowed with an extraordinary personality of their own, for they are not made, but themselves perform extraordinary things, as is shown by the following heading: 'The natural arm movement (rolling) by broken thirds, fourths, and fifths.'

Of reprints, we have received only one this month—Kreutzer's Concerto (No. 18) in E minor, edited by Ries, and published by Augener. There is no need to point out the value of Kreutzer's and Rode's Concerti, which embody the principles of their authors' indispensable 'studies.' Musically, their work is negligible; but surely it might be possible to provide the best of these virtuoso Concerti with a more interesting accompaniment. The experiment may be well worth trying with the most favoured—say Vieuxtemps's in E and F sharp, Beriot's seventh and ninth, and, possibly, Rode's in E.

B. V.

#### ORGAN MUSIC

It seems a long while since Karg-Elert burst upon a delighted organ-world with his *Choral Improvisations*, and a good many of his admirers doubt if he has since done anything better. Yet the issue of a new work from his pen is still something of an event. After all, no other living German is to be compared with him as an organ composer. In his latest work, *Cathedral Windows* (*Vitraux Polychromes d'Anciennes Cathédrales*) (Elkin), he leaves the Chorale for Plainsong. The six pieces are founded on a Kyrie, *Resonet in laudibus*, *Lauda Sion, Ave Maria* (two), and *Adeste, Fideles*—the last-named surely an intruder (however welcome) in a scheme that calls itself on the title-page 'Gregorian.' The themes are set out in plainsong notation at the beginning—a wise plan, for they are not always evident in the music itself. Karg-Elert makes no attempt to retain either the modal or rhythmical characteristics of the subjects. If he wishes to justify this, he can of course refer us to Bach, who often took the same line. There is, however, an important difference: Bach invariably lets us hear the theme more or less clearly, whereas Karg-Elert treats it fragmentarily, adorns it with gorgeous harmony, and in other ways makes it inconspicuous. This is not necessarily a fault. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and what matters is not the composer's method, but what he produces by it. There can be no denying the beauty of most of this music. It is open to the charge of over-lusciousness, and there are the usual bizarre registration schemes. But the registration may be simplified with little, if any, loss of effect, and the rather gaudy harmonic colour ceases to bother one when the music is fairly familiar and is played straight through instead of being painfully read. The degree of difficulty is not extreme. A few features are of doubtful value. Thus in *Resonet in laudibus* a bare fourth very high on the manual is directed to be fixed down throughout the piece (alternatively a single note on small manuals); and some of the double pedal-passages, *fff*, in *Lauda Sion*, seem to be merely noisy, and not at all in keeping with the direction *quasi campane*. But the discreet player will not hesitate to modify such passages to suit his instrument and building. In *Adeste, Fideles* we have more than one reminder that in his early days the composer was much influenced by Grieg—

the *Norwegian Bridal Procession* must have been at the back of his mind when he wrote this very frisky Christmas piece. *Cathedral Windows* ought to receive a warm welcome; not a page is without its beauty of some kind, so what matters an occasional extravagance? (By the way, at the double-bar on page 3 the clef in the left-hand part should be changed from treble to bass.)

Book iv. of the Homeyer-Eckardt edition of Bach's organ works has been received (Steingraber, Leipzig; Bosworth). It consists of forty-five Chorale Preludes, arranged in alphabetical order. The plan makes reference easy, but it breaks up Bach's own order. There is everything to be said for keeping the *Little Organ Book* and the Preludes from the *Clavierübung* as Bach left them. Above all, the *Little Organ Book* is a collection that should never be broken. It is hardly too much to say that a player can never fully appreciate the Chorale Preludes unless he knows them in their relationship (a) to one another, and (b) to Bach's life and work as a whole. But if an alphabetical arrangement be adopted, it should be consistent and comprehensive, which the one under notice is not. Thus, only two of the three *In dulci jubilo* Preludes appear, the wonderful canonic one being absent; of the numerous treatments of *Allein Gott* only one is given, and of the two big works on *Valet will ich dir geben* only the one in B flat. Phrasing marks are generally absent; registration marks are few (no fault, this); there are helpful marks for fingering, but none for footing; and the preface includes a brief explanation of ornaments. The print is clear and the form handy. But now that all Bach's organ music may be had in an English edition, with the Chorale Preludes in Bach's order, there seems to be no call for a German version, save for comparison and reference.

A good arrangement of the *Londonderry Air* is that made by J. Stuart Archer (Paxton). Mr. Archer lays it out well, and his harmony is so generally and refreshingly diatonic that one grudges him the few accidentals that he does drop in.

His arrangement of the Bach air from the D major Overture (Paxton) is rather too faithful to the original. There is surely no reason for transferring the string bass literally to the pedal-board; some slight modification would make it easier to play with little or no loss of effect.

Mr. Archer has long since shown himself a good hand at the variation form. His *Six Short Variations on an Irish Air* (Paxton) have all the fluency and musicianship we expect. I am with him all the way through the five variations, but, so far, stick at the *Finale alla Toccata*. It owes rather too much to French models, and a good deal of its brilliance seems somewhat fussy. But the work as a whole is so good that this point (which is a matter of personal taste) need not be pressed. And, after all, if a player doesn't like the *Finale* he can end with the Romance (Var. 5).

*The Old Folks at Home* as a basis for an organ Prelude and Fugue seems a doubtful choice, but of course everything depends on the way it is worked. An effort by E. G. Meers does not convince, though most of the writing is fluent enough. It opens with a kind of chorale prelude treatment of the tune, for diapasons, and then goes on to treat fugally the phrase set to the lines 'For my heart is sad and weary, everywhere I roam.' The chief weakness is in Mr. Meers's too complacent use of

well-worn sequential matter. The pedal solo at the end seems to be hiked in because the composer thought a fugue would not be respectable without it. It says nothing, with tremendous emphasis.

Much the same remarks apply to the composer's *Prelude, Variation, and Fugue on an American Melody*. The Fugue is rather more spirited, however, and there is some point in the pedal solo, though the grace-notes in the latter seem out of place. In the third variation *The Old Folks at Home* is neatly combined with the theme. The character and association of the melodies rule the pieces out for Church purposes; perhaps cinema organists may find extracts from them useful as incidental music in some films dealing with plantation life. But the composer has fallen between the two stools of Church and cinema. If he again tries his hand with plantation melodies, he should go out boldly for the cinema and concert-room, and give his very ordinary fugal writing a rest. The pieces are published by Novello.

Mr. Lemare knows better than to leave us in doubt as to whom he is catering for. His *Encore Series of Transcriptions* (H. W. Gray; Novello) has now reached its thirty-first number, and includes brief treatments of *Home, sweet Home*, *Swanee River*, *Bonnie Doon*, *Old Black Joe*, *Loch Lomond*, and a host of other favourites. Cinema audiences will enjoy these little pieces. They are not the best Lemare, but they are well adapted for their purpose, and there is no lack of neat touches in construction and registration.

Coleridge-Taylor's orchestral Suite *Othello* has been arranged by Herbert F. Ellingford (Metzler), and will be found useful by concert recitalists, as well as by cinema players who want longish pieces. The music is quite unsuited for Church use. There are five movements—*Dance*, *Children's Intermezzo*, *Funeral March*, *Willow Song*, and *Military March*. Mr. Ellingford has done his part well, as might be expected, but I wish this care had extended to the letterpress. In the Preface we are told that players 'may modify and amply accordingly'; on the next page is indicated a pedal 'of appropriate (*sic*) weight', and on p. 26 the word 'preceding' has an extra 'e' thrown in.

Organ music written round hymn-tunes is useful in many ways. One way—sometimes overlooked—is that of making known (and even popularising) fine tunes that are not often sung. For example, think of the thousands of English church folk who have never sung *Wachet auf*, but who yet know and enjoy the tune through Bach's *Prelude* on it. The fact should make organ composers careful in their choice of tune. With what a thud, for instance, did Karg-Elert come down in writing a piece on the miserable American tune for *Nearer, my God, to Thee* (!) These reflections occur apropos of George Oldroyd's *Three Hymn-Tune Meditations* (Augener). Dr. Oldroyd leads off with a fluently-written piece on Webbe's tune to *Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come*, and then falls from grace in his second and third efforts—Monk's *Abide with me* and Oakeley's *Sun of my soul*. The fall is not so much in regard to choice of tune, but in the fact that his treatment tends to accentuate their somewhat sentimental character. In the former, the harmonization recalls Spohr, and in the latter the ornamentation of the melody is rather too obvious. Lots of players and people will like the pieces, of course; still . . .

H. G.

#### CHURCH MUSIC

W. G. Alcock's anthem, *God is our Refuge and Strength* (Novello), composed for the two hundred and seventieth Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, is a work of considerable dimensions occupying close on thirty pages. It is an elaborate affair, containing much eight-part writing, and with an organ part written throughout on three staves. The composer has made use of the Bible version of Psalm xlvii, drawing upon the first six and the tenth verses. There is an introduction of about twenty bars, in which the first phrase of the hymn-tune *St. Ann's* fittingly appears in the pedal part. The first chorus is for double-choir, unaccompanied. In the next verse, 'Therefore we will not fear,' the writing is for four voices, with a freely-written organ part. In this and the following verse, 'Though the waters roar,' the harmonic treatment is bold and admirably varied, and there is some highly effective work for both voices and organ. Excellent relief is provided by the following movement for semi-chorus, 'There is a river,' which contains some expressive writing for the voices, mainly unaccompanied. A brief but dramatic treatment of 'The heathen raged,' for tenor and bass, is followed by an eight-part setting for unaccompanied double choir of 'Be still, and know that I am God.' The work concludes with a reference to the opening chorus, during which the first line of *St. Ann's* is again effectively introduced by the organ. Particularly happy is the last simple entry of the organ part during the final *pianissimo* chord of the voices. This anthem is one of the best things Dr. Alcock has so far given us, and choirs capable of singing in eight parts may confidently be recommended to make its acquaintance.

An Easter Anthem, *The day draws on with golden light* (Novello), is a fine, vigorous setting by Geoffrey Shaw of some 5th-century words taken from the *English Hymnal*. Although quite simple, Mr. Shaw's effective writing for the voices, in conjunction with an admirably devised organ part, should easily produce an excellent result.

From Banks & Son, York, come further numbers of their 'York Series' of Church music. Of three settings of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*, that by Alec Rowley in A minor attracts by reason of its freshness of treatment and its general avoidance of the commonplace. The writing is straightforward in style, and presents few difficulties. There is a misprint in the organ part in the last bar of page 5. The chord G B in the right hand should apparently be D B.

In his two settings in A and F major, W. Griffith has nothing very new to say. The music, however, is capably written, and flows along easily and tunelessly in a style that will probably prove attractive to many.

Alec Rowley's anthem, *When the whole heart of man turns unto God*, is an expressive setting for S.A.T.B. of words by Aiden Clarke. It is quite simple.

A setting of the Communion Service in D by Arthur J. Greenish—also from Banks & Son—may be recommended for use where simple music for this Office is required. It may be sung in unison throughout, but the *Incarnatus* in the *Credo*, the *Sanctus*, *Benedictus qui venit*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Pater noster* are given harmonized, and may be so rendered if preferred. A nine-fold form of the *Kyrie* is included. The music throughout, both for voices and organ, is in the best of taste.

Several numbers from the S.P.C.K. Church Music Series must be briefly considered. Archdeacon Gardner's *Music in Free Rhythms for the Eucharist* and *Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in Free Rhythms* contain much in the method of treatment that is off the beaten track. The former is written throughout in four vocal parts with no separate organ part. It may be sung in harmony without, or with, the organ, or in unison throughout. The Evening Canticles may also be sung in unison, though occasional opportunities are afforded for singing in harmony. There is a misprint in the last chord of the fifth line on page 2.

*A Simple Te Deum and Benedictus*, by Geoffrey Shaw, is written in free chant form, and is intended for congregational singing. The people's part may be obtained separately, with the tune and words only. A note by the composer points out that the music may be sung in unison throughout by the people alone, or by people and choir in unison with organ accompaniment as written; or it may be sung by the people in unison throughout, with Fauxbourdon verses sung by the choir round the melody, as suggested in the text.

Percy W. Whitlock's *Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis* in G major contains much that is interesting and unconventional. The part-writing is frequently very free. Although quite short, this setting is undoubtedly effective.

Several short anthems, edited and arranged by W. H. Harris and H. G. Ley, should prove exceedingly useful. The former is responsible for *Come, Holy Ghost* (for Whitsuntide or Ember Days, with music attributed to T. Tallis (1515-85), and second verse and Descant supplied by the editor), and *O Strength and Stay* (for Evening, melody composed or adapted by L. Bourgeois for the *Geneva Psalter*, 1543). Those by Dr. Ley include the Evening Anthems, *O God, be with us* (words by P. Herbert, 1566, set to a Bayeux Church melody for four- and five-part unaccompanied voices, with tune sometimes in the tenor), *Round me falls the night* (melody by A. Drese (1620-1701), harmonies by S. S. Wesley, H. G. Ley, and J. S. Bach, for S.A.T.B. unaccompanied), and *Darkening night the land doth cover* (words translated from the Greek by Robert Bridges, melody by L. Bourgeois—sometimes in the tenor—harmonized by Goudimel, with an Amen adapted from Byrd's *Ave Verum*). Two other short evening anthems—*O Gladsome Light, O grace of God the Father's face*, translated from the Greek by Robert Bridges, and *Abide with us, the orb of day doth vanish*—are tunes by L. Bourgeois treated similarly to those above.

Choirs who use 'Wesley in E' may be glad to make the acquaintance of the *Benedictus, Agnus*, and *Gloria* which H. G. Ley has adapted for that Service. The publisher is J. G. Wiblin, 36, Hamilton Road, Oxford.

*Come, O Creator Spirit, come* (Joseph Williams) is a setting for five voices (S.S.A.T.B.) by Walter Gandy of the Mechlin Tune for *Veni, Creator Spiritus*. The first verse is for soprano solo; at verse 2 the second sopranos enter with the melody, while the first sopranos continue with a free part above. At each verse a new part enters below, till at the sixth verse the melody once more appears in the soprano. It is for unaccompanied singing and, needless to say, requires nicely-balanced parts.

From the H.W. Gray Co. come several anthems from their 'Church Music Review' Series. Particularly

interesting to English musicians should be six Motets by Healey Willan. Their titles are: *Hail, Gladdening Light; O how glorious; Very Bread, Good Shepherd lend us; O Sacred Feast; O how sweet, O Lord; and Let us worship and fall down*. These unpretentious little works are tastefully written, and are quite easy to sing. They are intended for unaccompanied voices (S.A.T.B.), and are published separately. The same publishers issue an anthem by Peter Christian Lutkin for Easter or general use, *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness*. This contains an effective treatment of the Easter hymn *The strife is o'er*, and also a well-written fugal section. Some D flats are missing from the organ part on pages 2 and 11. These anthems may be had from Novello.

Two short settings of the Communion Service, *Missa Sancti Benedicti* in the Æolian Mode, by Dom Anselm Hughes, and *Missa Sancti Francisci* in Mode III., by George Oldroyd, may be recommended. They are both published by the Faith Press, and are intended for unaccompanied singing. Neither setting includes the *Credo*.

Under the title *Free-Chant Canticles*, the Faith Press publishes settings of the Canticles, by Sydney H. Nicholson, to free chants from the *Unison Chant Book*. The chants are an extended form of the Anglican Chant. Four sets of double chants are provided for each Canticle, except in the case of the *Nunc Dimittis*, when the single form is used. The whole of the Canticles may be sung in unison, but variety may be obtained by following the suggestions for certain verses to be sung in other ways.

Lastly, from the Faith Press comes an arrangement of Psalm 68, *Exurgat Deus*, set with Fauxbourdons for use in Procession, as sung in Westminster Abbey. G. G.

## The Musician's Bookshelf

*A History of the Royal Academy of Music from 1822 to 1922.* By Frederick Corder.

[Anglo-French Music Co., 7s. 6d.]

This book is the outcome of the researches made by Mr. Corder in connection with the R.A.M. Centenary Celebrations. Although dated 1922, it appears to have been strangely overlooked—perhaps because of the absence of reviews (no copy was received by the *Musical Times* until very recently). Yet it is full of interest, historical and human, and those who know the nimbleness of Mr. Corder's pen will not be surprised to hear that scarcely a page is without its touch of humour. Inevitably the most interesting and amusing part of the book is that dealing with the early days of the Academy. The amount of quotable material is embarrassing. Let us take a glimpse at one point only—that of practice-room accommodation. Mr. Corder gives this extract from the Committee's first Annual Report:

It may, perhaps, be proper to notice a practice which has been introduced into the Academy, and which, being new in this country, has been exposed to much observation. The Committee alludes to that of several of the pupils practising their lessons in the same room at the same time. In justification of this arrangement the Committee might plead that unless every boy and girl had a room to themselves or very nearly so, it could not be otherwise. . . . But the Committee are more anxious to defend the measure than themselves, and have to state that in all the Conservatoires of Italy, from whence the most able



professors have sprung, this is the uniform custom; and so far from being prejudicial, it is universally allowed to be highly beneficial; it forces attention, it prevents the pupil from trusting to his ear [!] and obliges him to attend to his notes. The opponents of the system in this country allow that it makes steady players, but they assert that it is destructive of taste. The answer to this objection is evident. The taste of the Italians is universally acknowledged; and no practice introduced into the seminaries which have produced their greatest masters can be prejudicial to that very quality for which they are pre-eminently distinguished.

The Italian obsession that shows itself here was very much in evidence in the early concerts of the Academy. At the first, for example, given a few months after the opening of the institution, the scheme opened with a Haydn 'Symphonia' (played on two pianofortes, oboe, four violins, and viola, 'cello, and bass, one each), the other items being by Marcello (two), Hummel, Cramer, Boscha (four!), Zingarelli, Viotti, Dussek, Vogt, and Jomelli. Poorish fare, this; as Mr. Corder says, 'Nothing to write home about,' though, he adds, we must remember that none of the performers were over twelve years of age.

Here, in a report in *The Harmonicon* of a performance of *Figaro*, is an early glimpse of a musician who was later to become Principal:

Cherubino, personated by a little boy, was in every way a blot on the piece. Had the memory of the audience not supplied the deficiency the dramatic effect of the Opera must have been utterly demolished.

Hapless youngster! His name was mercifully left blank on the programme, but he turns out to have been William Sterndale Bennett.

Going back to the question of choice of music in the early days of the Academy, it is interesting to find Cipriani Potter protesting in 1835 against the 'bad style of pianoforte music taught by the sub-Professors,'

... trivial Airs with Variations, instead of the Sonatas of Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, &c.

Were the Sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven among the '&c.'? And Cipriani went on to show himself an optimist by declaring that

... at the next examination it is expected that the students will distinguish themselves by playing from Figured Basses.

'But [says Mr. Corder] they never have, to this day.'

Temptation to quote further must be resisted. The illustrations include portraits of the Founder, Crotch, Sullivan (in his Chapel Royal chorister garb), Potter, Lucas, Bennett, Macfarren, Mackenzie, &c., besides facsimiles of music and documents, and pictures of the old and new Academy buildings.

The book has an interest apart from its subject, for it throws many curious sidelights on the social and musical state of the country a century ago. Every institution should have its history written when it has passed its fiftieth year; the result is bound to be of value. When the historian happens to be a Frederick Corder, it will be entertaining as well.

H. G.

*Volksmusik der Rumänen von Maramuren.* By Béla Bartók.

[Munich: Drei Masken Verlag.]

This invaluable contribution to the study of the musical lore of South-Eastern Europe is the fourth of the *Sammelbände für Vergleichende Musikwissenschaft*, published under the editorship of Carl Stumpf and E. M. von Hornbostel. The songs and tunes it contains were collected in the various

villages of the district visited by Bartók in 1913. Particularly curious and attractive are the 'Hora' songs; their boldness of design and rhythmic ingenuity will be noted with increased interest by students wishful to discover the origin of Bartók's own musical style and idiom, which owes almost as much to Rumanian folk-music as to Hungarian.

The brief but substantial introduction will prove useful to both musicians and students of folk-lore. But it is to musicians especially that it will come as a revelation, because it provides a sound, all-embracing scheme for the study of folk-music as music. The technique needful for this order of study is not yet established—a consequence being that most people who set out to write about folk-music are apt to wander a good deal unless they content themselves with a few safe generalities, statistics, and remarks about scales and rhythms. Others will concentrate upon demonstrating that the music they deal with is or is not reducible to the major-minor or to the pentatonic system.

There have been exceptions, of course. As illustrations of the proper way to deal with folk-music whose texture raises difficult or new problems, Mrs. Lineva's essays on Russian folk-tunes are altogether remarkable. Bartók's comments, as terse as they are apposite, cover the whole range of topics which the scientific examination of folk-tunes should include. The volume is beautifully printed.

M.-D. C.

*Memories and Music.* By Sir Dan Godfrey.

[Hutchinson, 18s.]

An artless volume. But then Sir Dan Godfrey is far from being the first excellent artist who, when it came to writing his reminiscences, thought good workmanship of no account. We should like to hear Sir Dan's opinion of a concerto or symphony put together on similar lines. British or not British, it would have small chance of a hearing at Bournemouth Winter Gardens.

A sensitive and good fellow, he [Tivadar Nachez] was, being a naturalised Britisher, greatly distressed during the war, and settled for a time in Canada.

Such writing makes it impossible to fulfil the hope of Sir Charles Stanford—expressed in the course of his handsome introductory compliment to Sir Dan—that the public 'will give the same greeting to your book as they have so often given to your stick.' Sir Dan has, of course, had something else to do in life than cultivate a graceful pen. But his readers fairly have a grievance against him for not having called in the aid of some critical friend's blue pencil.

The reminiscences of a man of Sir Dan's gifts and experiences ought to have been material for a capital volume. Through this heavy book the eye lightly roves.

We like the candour of p. 1:

I did not choose music as a profession until I had reached the age of sixteen, and even then this decision was only made because I realised that my father's name would be of value to me in the musical profession, but of little avail in any other calling.

Follows an account of the famous Godfrey family of military bandmasters. Sir Dan's grandfather, Charles, joined the Coldstream Guards as a bassoonist in 1813. Sir Dan's father's first duty as bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards was to play the regiment to barracks on its return from the Crimea. Sir Dan

(Continued on page 532.)



June 1, 1924

**Fear not, O land**

ANTHEM FOR WHITSUNTIDE OR GENERAL USE FOR FOUR VOICES

Joel ii. 21, 26, 28, 23. (R. V.)

Music by A. HERBERT BREWER

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

*Allegro moderato. ♩ = 116*

ORGAN

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath

Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath

Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath

Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath

done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be

done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be

done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be

done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be

glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath

done great things.  
done great things.  
done great things. *mf*  
done great things. *mf* And ye shall

And ye shall  
That hath *mf*  
That hath *mf*  
praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with  
praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt . . . wondrously with

( 2 )

## FEAR NOT, O LAND

June 1, 1924

hath dealt wondrous-ly, wondrous-ly with you, wondrous-ly with

hath dealt . . . wondrous-ly, wondrous-ly with you, . . . wondrous-ly with

hath you, won drous-ly with

hath you,

*dim.* *p rall.* *dim.* *p rall.* *dim.* *rall.* *p*

## Andante

you.

you.

you.

*mp* And it shall come to pass . . . that I will pour out my

*Andante. ♩ = 80*

*mp*

*mp* And your sons and your daugh - ters shall

*mp* And your daugh - ters shall

Spi - rit . . . up - on all flesh.

pro - phe - sy, your old men shall dream dreams, . .

pro - phe - sy, your old men shall dream dreams, .

*mp* your old men . . shall dream dreams, *p* your *pp* your

*pp* your old . . men shall

*pp* your old men shall

*pp* young men . . shall see vis - ions, . . shall see

*pp* young men . . shall see vis - ions, . . shall see

*p* *pp*

**Animato** *mf* *cres.*

dream . . dreams. Be glad then and re -

dream dreams. Be glad then and re -

*mp* *cres.* *mf* *cres.*

vis - ions. . . Be glad then and re - joice, be

*mp* *cres.* *mf* *cres.*

vis - ions. . . Be glad then and re - joice, be

**Animato** *mp* *cres.* *mf* *cres.*



# FEAR NOT, O LAND

joyce. Praise the Name of the Lord, praise the  
joyce. Praise the Name of the Lord, praise the  
glad and re-joyce. Praise the Name of the Lord, praise the  
glad and re-joyce. Praise the Name of the Lord, praise the

*f* Voices alone *cres.*

Name of the Lord. Be glad then and re-joyce. *rall.*  
Name of the Lord. Be glad then and re-joyce. *rall.*  
Name of the Lord. Be glad then and re-joyce. *rall.*  
Name of the Lord. Be glad then and re-joyce. *rall.*  
Name of the Lord. Be glad then and re-joyce. *rall.*

*f* *rall.*

**Tempo 1mo.**

Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joyce, for the  
Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joyce, for the  
Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joyce, for the  
Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joyce, for the

**Tempo 1mo.**

Lord . . . hath done great things, Fear not, O

land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath

done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be

land, . . be glad and re-joice, . . . for the Lord hath

done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be

done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be

done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of music, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The piano accompaniment is written in the right and left hands. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Lord . . . hath done great things, Fear not, O land, be glad and re-joice, for the Lord . . . hath done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be land, . . be glad and re-joice, . . . for the Lord hath done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be done great things, Fear not, O land, fear not, O land, be done great things, Fear . . not, O land, fear . . not, be".

# FEAR NOT, O LAND

0  
0  
0  
hath  
hath  
hath  
be  
be  
be  
be

*ff*  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
*ff*  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
*ff*  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath  
*ff*  
glad and re - joice, be glad and re - joice, for the Lord . . . hath

*Largamente* *rall.*  
done great things. . . . .  
*rall.*  
done great things. . . . .  
*rall.*  
done great things. . . . .  
*rall.*  
done great things. . . . .  
*Largamente*  
*fff* *rall.*

(Continued from page 524.)

was born in 1868, and in 1885 entered the Royal College of Music, where the clarinet was his principal study. There Stanford, in a bad moment of an orchestral practice, once told him, 'You have no brains for thinking!' The young Godfrey's revenge was to pull up short in a rehearsal of one of Stanford's pieces—the great man had perpetrated an impracticable shake! Chapter 3 is given to South Africa, where Godfrey in 1891-92 conducted a touring opera company, and married. With chapter 4 we arrive at Bournemouth.

The Bournemouth Winter Gardens were built in 1876, failed for years to serve any very useful purpose, and then in 1893 were acquired by the Corporation, following the success in 1892 of a Corporation military band conducted by an Italian, Bertini. The Corporation approached Dan Godfrey, sen., with a view to his conducting at Bournemouth. The elder Dan neglected his correspondence, but the younger answered the letter instead. On Whit Monday, 1893, this younger Dan was established with a band of thirty in the Winter Gardens Pavilion, and an activity which in the following thirty years was to have a real bearing on modern English music was begun.

To start with, this Bournemouth music, which was to have such a name, was modest enough. In 1895 the band was increased to thirty-three. In 1904 Sir August Manns paid a visit, and persuaded the Corporation to grant another viola and double-bass. Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony* had been performed for the hundredth time on March 1, 1897. Low pitch was adopted in 1909. In 1912 a separate military band was established, relieving the symphony orchestra from playing on the pier.

There is hardly a hint of a grumble from Sir Dan, whose level temper is manifest throughout this book. But our impression is that if Bournemouth's music is famous, Bournemouth itself has done very little to earn that fame. The fame has been the work of Dan Godfrey, and seeing what the value of musical attractiveness has been to that well-to-do and popular resort, its support of its orchestra strikes us as having been somewhat meagre, not to say grudging, if it is considered what subsidies music gets in Continental watering-places of the importance of Bournemouth! Still, as we have said, Sir Dan does not complain. His strength all along has lain in his ability to make the most of things as they are, and if conjurers were found necessary to help keep the symphonies going, he was all for including the conjurers:

Miss Margaret Cooper also appeared at the British Music Concert, and Sir Hubert Parry asked me why on earth I had included her. I replied, 'To give more variety.' But this was not the whole truth. I wanted to make sure of a good audience, for I knew that British music, even in 1910, was not a sure magnet, and that Margaret Cooper's well-merited popularity would guarantee a 'full house' and welcome for our leading composers.

That charming paragraph, which honours Sir Dan's sense as well as his wit, earns forgiveness for many pages less amusing. Among the pages that seem to need some forgiveness are those giving a list of the orchestral instruments with descriptions of their *timbres* and their alleged colour analogies. Is it any use to read that the horn has 'a rich "poo" tone'? The oboe is said to be green. So is the English horn. But the bassoon is both brown and green. Why?

Then compensation is proper for a remark so very like nonsense as this (p. 132):

Handel did little more than, like the industrious German that he was, copy what he found already accepted in this country.

Scattered in the chapters on the musicians he has met are to be found some compensations. What musicians has Sir Dan Godfrey not met? In the last thirty years he has performed the whole corpus of modern British orchestral music, and its authors have nearly all gone down to Bournemouth to hear him do it. In an immense number of cases (Appendix B gives us the statistics) the performance was the first anywhere, and was, anyhow, during most of those thirty years, a rarity. Long before the rest of the country, Bournemouth came to regard it as a normal thing that a British composer should have his work performed and listened to.

Sir Dan's chapter 'Where British Music Stands,' is perhaps not so illuminating as was to be hoped from one with his unparalleled knowledge of the material. We read:

Frederick Delius is another with an individual style, yet one that did not fail to include certain characteristics that were proper . . .

—and go empty away. There is more entertainment in the personal notes. We draw near the great when we read that Mr. Edward German has at last discarded a grey frock-coat in favour of an orthodox morning coat, and that Sir Alexander Mackenzie is seen at his best

. . . attired in a dressing-gown, with a Scottish night-cap on his head and his favourite 'cutty' in his mouth.

Of all the Bournemouth visitors, Sir Edward Elgar alone seems to have left behind no trait to record. 'He is not the kind of man with whom it is easy to get on terms of intimacy.' Sir Landon Ronald, while diffident as to his abilities as a composer, acknowledges that he bought a motor-car from the proceeds of *The Garden of Allah*, and 'his income is probably greater than that of any other conductor in this country.'

Prof. Granville Bantock learnt Persian before composing *Omar Khayyám*. 'His knowledge of the Bible is profound, and he can quote most effectively from it.' Dr. William Wallace during the war urged the Carnegie Trust to publish his ophthalmic treatise rather than a work of music, and when they declined he would not accept their musical award.

Mr. Holbrooke, reminded of an apparent oversight in his attire, lightly replied, 'Oh, I don't wear a collar.' Mr. Rutland Boughton wears a tie—a red one—but when conducting behaves like an autocrat, 'without meaning anything offensive.' Dr. Herbert Brewer is a keen motorist, but Sir Dan mistrusts his skill. Dame Ethel Smyth, after a first rehearsal, accused Sir Dan of having 'let her down.' Sir Dan soothingly assured her that it would be all right on the night, and so it was—luckily for him.

All these pages are amiable. Sir Dan, whose patience and charity must have been so often tried, cannot be detected in a single unkindness. Even when he recommends the composer of a 'Prospero' to apply himself to writing a 'Caliban,' we do not believe he had any double intention. C.



*Handbuch der Orgel-Literatur.* By Franz Sauer.

[Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag.]

This booklet is really little more than a guide to organ music composed or published in Germany. Very few English examples are included, among them being two pieces and an arrangement of Purcell—the Toccata in A, '*Sehr effektiv*,' the Voluntary for double organ, and the Chaconne in F (the last being an arrangement). Then there is the first Sonata of Harwood (*sic*) and that of Hiles, the latter being followed by an approving '*Gut*.' Lemare is represented by five works only—those published by Schott—and Henry Smart is included. Guilmant's Sonatas, Widor's Symphonies, and Saint-Saëns's organ works duly appear, but Vienne is absent; and although Joseph Jongen has yet to be discovered by Herr Sauer, he includes Arthur Honegger (who has written but two tiny pieces) and P. de Maleingreau. It will be seen from this that the book is very patchy. There is a good deal of useful information, however, brief biographical particulars being given in most cases. Critical comment is unevenly spread; sometimes there is quite a lot of it, sometimes none. The taste of the compiler seems to be indicated by the warm approval given to Reger, and by the fact that the Duet-Sonata of Merkel is hailed with a '*Sehr gut*!' (Merkel's solo Sonatas, by the way, are not mentioned). Sections, all too short, are devoted to arrangements—organ music with other instruments, with voices, and books on the organ and its repertory. It is a pity that so important a task should have been merely nibbled at thus. H. G.

*Lettres de Musiciens écrites en français du 15<sup>me</sup> au 20<sup>me</sup> siècles.* Vol. I., 1480-1830. By Julien Tiersot. [Turin: Bocca Frères, 30 fr.]

These letters, the originals of which are in the library of the Paris Conservatoire and other public collections, will prove interesting to specialists, and may now and then be found to provide good reading for an idle hour. As the compiler remarks, the letters from 15th-, 16th-, and 17th-century musicians refer chiefly to business matters, and it seems as if their chief concern was to collect what small sums of money their work brought in. But considering that sometimes a receipt or some such document is the only available proof of certain old musicians' identity or existence at a certain period, these scraps of information, however slight, are valuable. M. Tiersot's investigations have revealed much that few people knew of. Letters from Gluck, Rameau, Handel, Monteverde, Mozart, Haydn, Grétry, Piccini, Méhul, Cherubini, Lesueur, and Spontini, as well as from many lesser lights, are given. There are many reproductions of the originals, and other illustrations, such as reproductions of old designs, portraits, and medals. Reproductions of engravings and prints are excluded. M.-D. C.

*About Elizabethan Virginal Music and its Composers.* By Margaret H. Glyn.

[W. Reeves, 7s. 6d.]

Elizabethan vocal music nowadays has everywhere the beginnings, at least, of an adequate appreciation. There is more dubiousness about the contemporary instrumental music, which is commonly said to be experimental. This excellent little book—written by one thoroughly knowing her subject, and not simply taken by ephemeral enthusiasm—speaks up for the virginalists' art, not merely as a quaint, historical

curiosity, but a thing of still living beauty. Most of the Virginal music remains still unpublished. Miss Glyn has made herself acquainted with all the available manuscripts. She feels that by ignoring this heritage of ours, English people are missing something that no other music can quite replace:

The English style contains an immense amount, expressively and technically, that has since developed in Continental music, and also features that are new to us now and have never been reproduced elsewhere. In its own period this music was a new style, far ahead of the rest of the world, and it is not the work of mere experimenters; it is that of artists who foreshadowed marvellously the possibilities of modern keyboard development, and whose music seems to demand the expressive pianoforte rather than the unexpressive virginal.

She is, then, all for the use of the virginalists' music as the basis of English students' pianoforte practice. She is not afraid of the false relations so characteristic of the English school. Ears in the 18th and 19th centuries lost sympathy for what Miss Glyn calls the 'inflectional habit,' which, indeed, was obsolescent in the 17th century. But the principle of 'scale inflection' was strong in Elizabethan times. It was a melodic feeling, and gave a scale that was major in rising, and had a flat seventh, sixth, and third in descending:

This is distinct from the harmonic principle, so that a major chord may be accompanied by its own minor third in a falling scale . . . Once the ear becomes accustomed to the inflectional change, and the false relations frequently involved, this habit appears an essential and altogether natural, and even fascinating, part of the Elizabethan tradition.

Miss Glyn believes that the Lady Nevill Virginal Book was copied from Byrd's own MS., and that the corrections are in Byrd's handwriting:

It is seldom a matter of correcting what is entirely wrong, but of inserting little improvements that only Byrd's brain would have thought of.

Our author has examined in the New York Public Library 'one of the finest Virginal folios, which contains what may be an autograph of Orlando Gibbons'—a folio which only forty years ago was lost to England for the modest sum of ten guineas. The supposed Gibbons MS. consists of eight of the nine *Fantazias in III. Parts* for viols, transcribed for virginals, possibly by the composer himself.

Miss Glyn is very severe on the popular *King's Hunt*, usually ascribed to Bull. She insists that it is by Cosyn, much altered by copyists—and by no means improved, one might say spoilt, in the process. This pretty piece she feels to be of little consequence and almost childish. To realise the sort of man Bull was we must go to the *Walsingham Variations*.

Byrd, Bull, and Gibbons are the three heroes of the book. A whole chapter is also given to a lesser man, the delightful Farnaby, in virtue of his gift for melody. And in the last chapter there are notes on Weelkes, Tomkins, and Cosyn. The index gives a list of some six hundred virginal pieces of the best period, with references to their MS. source. C.

*Musik des Südens.* By Walter Dahms.

[Deutsche Verlags Anstalt, Berlin, Stuttgart.]

This is a big collection of essays, aphorisms, rhapsodies, and jottings, very much in the spirit and not a little after the manner of Nietzsche. The writer is full of enthusiasm and self-confidence. The reader will find that his utterances hit or miss the mark

according as they happen to fit in with his own outlook on things musical. To anyone who is not essentially amenable to that order of writing, reading Herr Dahms's book will prove rather trying.

Roughly, the main thesis is that 'music of the South is music in which melody stands as an end in itself, free and care-free; music of the North stands for restraint, spirituality, and order. The function of genius is to merge both principles into one.'

Herr Dahms holds that 'music without tonality amounts to the same thing as painting without design or sculpture without form.' This assertion, occurring as it does in the course of a remarkable disquisition on the 'biology' of music, appears acceptable. The only trouble is that certain readers will take it literally—as the writer himself appears to have done. It is quite true that tonality is 'logic in music.' But what nobody has yet succeeded in demonstrating is whether musical logic must necessarily consist in the observance of certain principles of tonality. So long as people continue to fling assertions at one another, the wisest policy will be—considering the present course of music—to let them carry on their merry game, and seek solace, if need be, in the old, wise saying, *E pur si muove*. M.-D. C.

## Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

ÆOLIAN VOCALION

Not much instrumental music of importance appears in this month's Vocalion list. Easily the best, and a first-rate record of delightful music, is a 12-in. d.-s. of the *Allegro* and *Andante* from Mozart's Trio No. 7, arranged for violin, viola, and piano-forte by Lionel Tertis, and played by him, Sammons, and Ethel Hobday. I think Mr. Tertis is better employed in making arrangements of this kind than in trying to increase the solo repertory of his instrument by laying predatory hands on violin and violoncello solos. Very few come through the ordeal unscathed; those written for violin lose brightness, and the violoncello solos become less rich with no compensating gain. There must be plenty of more or less neglected trios that bear adaptation well, and which give our incomparable viola player fine opportunities. Moreover, the viola as a solo instrument soon palls on most of us, whereas in works such as this arrangement, it actually gains by the contrasts set up by the other instruments.

Those who think the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas worth hearing for its own sake will be glad of a record of H.M. Life Guards Band playing a selection from *The Sorcerer*—a good reproduction of music that, divorced from text and dramatic action, is surely very ordinary stuff.

Good light music is Eric Coates's Suite, *Joyous Youth*, played by the Æolian Orchestra, conducted by the composer (two 12-in. d.-s.). The recording is excellent.

The best of the vocal records appears to be that of Evelyn Scotney's good, clean singing of *Una voce* and Proch's old-fashioned *Theme and Variations*. Kathleen Destournel makes pleasant hearing in Liza Lehmann's *Four Bird Songs* (12-in. d.-s.). Hardy Williamson sings some Flotow and *On with the Motley*, with a tone too hard for my liking (10-in. d.-s.). Watcyn Watcyns is unequal in a couple of songs—*Now sleeps the crimson petal* is handled too heavily; his excellent voice is used far better in Löhr's *Alanna* (10-in. d.-s.).

COLUMBIA

The procession of *The Planets* ends with a really fine record of 'Mercury' ('The Winged Messenger'), easily one of the best of the batch, with the deft scoring coming through well. On the reverse side is an equally good reproduction of the composer's *Marching Song*, an early work in popular style that ought to be heard more often.

A couple of 12-in. d.-s. of the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Hamilton Harty, playing the *Good Friday Music* and *Tristan's Vision*, strike me as being below the average of orchestral records. It is not easy to say where the fault lies. Apparently the balance is wrong in some passages, but the chief failure is in the matter of clearness.

A 12-in. d.-s. of Mr. Harty and the Hallé Orchestra in some extracts from Strauss's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is much better, but as the music is poor and commonplace, the actual gain is small.

Another grumble! A month or so ago the Columbia Co. issued a string quartet, complete and uncut, and it seemed that the former policy of snippets was to be discontinued. But here is a backsliding in a record that gives us on one side the *Allegro assai* from Mozart's B flat Quartet, and on the other a mangled version of the *Adagio molto e mesto* from Beethoven's *Rasoumovsky* in F. The players are the Léner Quartet, and there is little fault to be found with performance or reproduction.

The Court Symphony Orchestra is recorded in Haydn Wood's *Three Famous Pictures* and *Evening Song*. The pictures that are supposed to be translated into music are two by Fildes, *The Doctor* and *The Village Wedding*, and Franz Hals's *The Laughing Cavalier*. But as is usual in programme music, the works might well bear dozens of other labels. The rather ordinary music is well played and reproduced.

The 'Easter Hymn' from *Cavalleria*, sung by the Columbia opera chorus (10-in. d.-s.), comes out well. I wish all soprano solo records gave us as clean and musical voices as that of the lady who does the little bit of solo here. Frank Mullings sings two extracts from *Pagliacci* in the sobbing, painful manner that is becoming all too common. I wonder if the public really likes this sort of thing, seeing that all the opinions one hears are against it.

Nor is Charles Hackett happy in Schubert's *Serenade* and *Who is Sylvia?* One would have thought that the latter required above all things clean singing, but Mr. Hackett drags it, and scoops and slithers, and altogether seems less enthusiastic about Sylvia than a singer ought to be. The *Serenade* is also laboured. For some obscure reason the original pianoforte accompaniment gives place to a version for string quartet.

H.M.V.

The Centenary of the *Choral Symphony* could not have been celebrated better than by the H.M.V. issue of the complete work. Only a few of us can get to the rare performances of this masterpiece; now we can sit at home and hear it as often as we wish. This record is a real achievement, despite the fact that the choral sections leave something to be desired—an inevitable blemish in the present stage of recording. But the purely instrumental part is first-rate. The players are that vague body known as 'The Symphony' Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates. The vocal soloists are duly heroic and efficient, but what do the solo-parts matter, anyway?

The real stuff in the *Ninth* is the first movement, the *Scherzo*, and the genesis and development of the great tune in the *Finale*. Give me these, and you may have all the rest of the Symphonies, with a good deal more of Beethoven thrown in.

After this record, one would not have expected anything else in the orchestral line. But this month's parcel contains yet another notable record in a 12-in. d.s. of two Elgar transcriptions—Bach's beautiful C minor Organ Prelude and the Handel Overture in D minor that has made such a stir wherever it has been played. The performance is by the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Elgar. The recording is fine, especially in the Handel.

A first-rate violin record is a 12-in. d.s. of Thibaud in a couple of Granados's *Spanish Dances*, arranged by Kreisler and the player himself. Less good, because of the poorer quality of the music, is a 12-in. d.s. of Marie Hall—Sinding's *Romance* and Sinigaglia's *Capriccio all' antica*.

Liszt's transcription of Schumann's love-song *Dedication* and an arrangement of the 'Serenade' from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* do not make very interesting pianoforte music, but Backhaus's playing of them is very well recorded.

There is a big batch of vocal music. The De Reszke Singers are very effective in four negro 'spirituals'—*Scandalize my Name* is quite dramatic. The tone is too nasal, but whether that be local colour or a matter of production must be left undecided. Tudor Davies sings 'In Native Worth' and 'Love sounds the alarm' (*Acis and Galatea*). The latter seems to suit him best, but even so he makes the alarm rather thin and piercing.

He is over-strenuous, too, when singing with Florence Austral and Bessie Jones in 'What then, Santuzza?' from *Cavalleria*. A good record, though.

Frieda Hempel sings Tchaikovsky's *None but the weary heart* and the old setting of *Phyllis has such charming graces*—not a very good effort, and the words don't come through.

I spoke above of Mullings's sobs, but they are nothing compared with those of Michele Fleta in airs from *Rigoletto* and *Tosca*. O for a few manly tenors, with emotion controlled, and a style that suggests ease instead of tremendous effort!

Joseph Hislop gets nearer the mark in his singing of two extracts from *Rigoletto*, and those who like this type of music will enjoy the record.

Chaliapin's singing of 'Madamina' from *Don Giovanni* is good, and is well reproduced, but I don't think it will rank among the pick of his records.

Finally, here is a really interesting record of a speech by the Right Hon. W. F. Massey, the New Zealand Premier. But when we leave the speech and turn on the New Zealand National Anthem, oh, what a fall is there! Why did somebody allow Mr. J. J. Wood to saddle his country with such a commonplace tune? Our own *God Save the King* rounds off the record. I have never had any doubt about its being a sterling good air, and, hearing it thus, after Mr. Wood's effort, I admire it more than ever.

To mark the centenary of the birth of the famous singer and teacher, Julius Stockhausen (1826-1906), the Town Council of Frankfurt will publish his life. The editor (Frau Julia Wirth-Stockhausen, 50, Paul Erlich Strasse, Frankfurt) will be grateful for the loan of any letters, programmes, documents, or reminiscences concerning Stockhausen and his parents.

## PURCELL'S CHURCH MUSIC

BY H. D. STATHAM

(Concluded from May number, page 420)

The question of the pace at which Purcell's Church music ought to be sung seems to the writer to be of some importance, for it is one that appears to have been constantly misunderstood both by editors and singers. Nearly all the more joyful anthems suffer unless they are taken at a brisk speed. This applies more particularly, though by no means entirely, to those anthems with orchestra, composed for the Chapel Royal. Perhaps modern editors, when suggesting the pace of the music, have been influenced by the fact that they have had to dig the anthems out of solemn folio tomes, and have read into the music a solemnity which is not really present. But 'who drives fat oxen should himself be fat' is a fallacious line of reasoning: nor need that which is found in solemn volumes necessarily be solemn, even though it may have received a prosy blessing from Burney or Hawkins. At any rate an examination of some octavo editions shows the metronome marking to be so slow that, if it is adhered to, the result is depressing in the extreme. More particularly is this so when the music is in triple time. In the following examples the speed suggestion in the octavo editions are given first, the writer's second. If only one speed indication is given it is the writer's:

Ex. 11.

$\text{♩} = 88$ ;  $\text{♩} = 132$ . From *O Give Thanks*.

and His, &c. and His

mer - cy en - dur - eth, His

At the faster pace the real meaning of the alto part a few bars later becomes apparent: it is a joyful little shake thrown off as the climax is reached:

Ex. 12.

$\text{♩} = 88$ ;  $\text{♩} = 132$ . *ff*

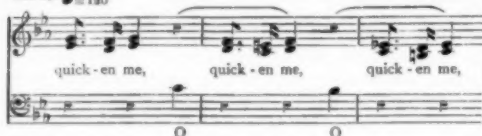
er, His mer - cy

ev - er, His mer - cy

In the phrase 'quicken me,' from *Thy Word is a Lantern*, the absurd effect of the staccato 'O' is avoided if a faster speed is adopted than is customary.

It is marked, and is usually sung, *Andante*. The correct phrasing seems obvious :

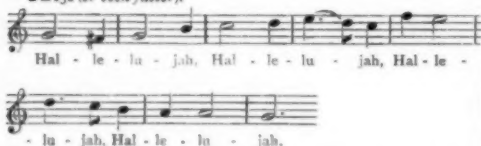
Ex. 13. ♩ = 120



This passage is not really so trivial as it is commonly made to sound. Purcell evidently intended the voices to blend so well that they should seem like one voice mysteriously endowed with the power of singing in three-part harmony, or in four-part harmony when the phrase comes in the chorus. The Hallelujah at the end of this anthem again calls for a far greater speed than is usually adopted. It is obviously really in a lilting 6-8 rhythm :

Ex. 14.

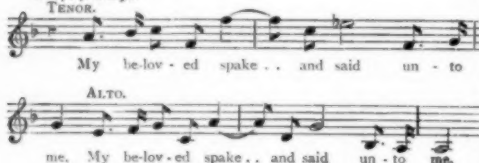
♩ = 132 (or even faster).



The quicker speed emphasises the charming effect of the change of rhythm at the end of this short phrase. Here are a few examples of speed indications taken at random from some of the bigger anthems :

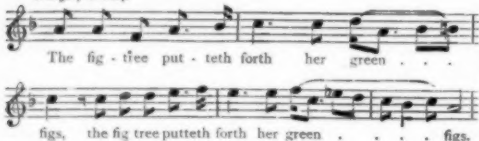
Ex. 15.

♩ = 72 ; ♩ = 96.



Ex. 16.

♩ = 56 ; ♩ = 84.



Ex. 17.

♩ = 96 ; ♩ = 120.



Ex. 18.

♩ = 92 ; ♩ = 116.

SOLO.



Exx. 15, 16, and 17 are from *My beloved spake*, an anthem which should surely be sung at Easter by every Church choir capable of singing it. It is the most spring-like of anthems, full of fresh and beautiful tunes, and it suffers more than most when it is taken slowly and heavily. As to the writer's speed suggestions, they represent, of course, only his personal opinion : it is not possible to know exactly how the music was sung in Purcell's time. But there is no doubt that Elizabethan Church music was sung far too slowly\* by many choirs in the past : and it may well be that this traditional method of singing the music too slowly has been applied to Restoration music as well.

Besides this question of the speed of the music, a pernicious tradition exists that Purcell's Church music is written almost entirely in short sections, and must be treated as though it was a series of separate numbers. Boyce carried this tradition to such length that he wrote instrumental introductions and endings to each of the apparent sections of the *Te Deum* in D, and more or less turned the work into the pattern of a Handel oratorio. Fortunately Sir Frederick Bridge was able to scotch this tradition to a certain extent when he published his fine edition of the *Te Deum*. An examination of the verses and choruses in the anthems shows clearly that, according to the sense of the words, a verse with a chorus following it is nearly always one complete number, even though a double-bar divide the two. In the anthem *Thy Word is a Lantern*, the verse 'quicken me' is repeated by the chorus ; and at the end of the anthem are the words 'They are the very joy of my heart. Hallelujah.' The chorus sings 'Hallelujah,' the soloists the rest of the sentence. In both places the soloists come to a full close, and there is a double-bar. In performance the tendency is for the soloists to *rallentando*, and for a distinct break in the time to be made before the chorus begins. The result is that the continuity of the work goes. Instead of a sort of antiphony between soloists and chorus, there is substituted a succession of short phrases, each drawing heavily to its conclusion. This may seem a small thing to cavil at, but these constant and irritating *rallentandi* check the flow of the music altogether. Listening to a choir that sings thus is like riding in a motor-car with a driver who is continually changing gear. It is an obvious weakness of Restoration composers to be constantly coming to a full close, but it is

\* A well-known lecturer illustrates this traditional method of slow singing amusingly on the gramophone by putting on a record of Byrd's Short Service in the proper key and at the proper speed, and then reducing the speed of the disc till the music is transposed down a minor third, when the traditional 'Cathedral' way of singing the music is given.



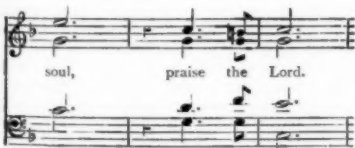
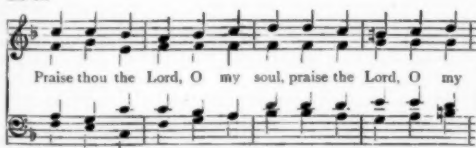
one which might well be passed over lightly instead of being emphasised at every opportunity. If this treatment is unsatisfactory in a short anthem, it is disastrous in one of the large anthems, with orchestral accompaniment. The splendid anthem *Praise the Lord, O my soul* is an example of the continuous use of the chorus and soloists with responsive (rather than contrasted) orchestral interludes. To make a *rallentando*\* whenever the chorus or orchestra comes to a full close is to ruin the unity of the anthem. The whole first chorus, with its orchestral introduction, is one continuous movement laid out on very big lines; chorus and orchestra are not combatants in opposition, but friends. The end of the last movement suffers particularly if any *rallentando* is made. After some antiphonal *decani* and *cantoris* passages the voices finish thus:

Ex. 19.



and the orchestra bursts in at once with a passage overflowing with joy, taking the rhythm of the words 'Praise the Lord' from the first chorus. A double-bar is placed at the end of this orchestral flourish, but it is vandalism to make any pause. The impetus of the music demands that the chorus should come in straightway with the ringing phrase in four-part harmony which seems to gather up the whole of what has gone before and drive it home:

Ex. 20.

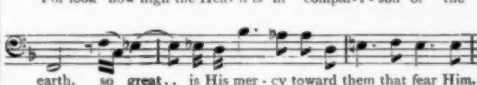
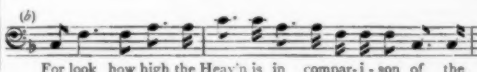
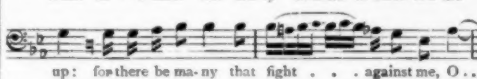


(A corresponding phrase brings a conclusion in F major.) There is real ecstasy about this, and sung with fire and conviction it carries one off his feet. Incidentally this last phrase seems to require a big *rubato*.)

\* In Sir Frederick Bridge's edition of this anthem hardly any *rallentando* is marked; but other editors of other anthems have not been so reticent.

In looking through Purcell's anthems one cannot fail to be struck by the number of dramatic recitatives for the bass. The best of these give splendid opportunities to a singer who can enter into the spirit of the music. They demand a very loose treatment, a generous expansiveness, and a free use of *rubato* and occasionally *portamenti*. Some idea of their spaciousness, and of the way that music and words move together as one, may be gathered from the following quotations:

Ex. 21.



Purcell's Church music is sometimes accused of being too secular in its rhythms for Church use. Sir Hubert Parry, in the chapter on Restoration music in the *Oxford History of Music*, wrote, '... one of his pitfalls [in writing Church music] was an overfondness for a lilting rhythm of shorts and longs,' and he considers that this rhythm is a secular one, and therefore out of place in Church music. But it is just this rhythm which is used almost continuously in the latter part of the *Evening Hymn*; yet it would be difficult to find many thinking musicians who would bring a charge of secularity against this exquisite work. In its Blake-like simplicity it is one of the most truly religious compositions that have ever been penned. Besides, can a definite line be drawn between sacred and secular music? Surely the chief requirements in Church music are that it should be vital as music, and that it should enhance the meaning of the words to which it is set. It is difficult to find any Church music of Purcell's that does not fulfil these requirements. Much music is even now sung by Cathedral choirs which is sentimental and meretricious, or academic and dull. Purcell's music is none of these things; whatever he wrote, even in his least inspired moments, has a touch of fire and steel about it. His rhythms may be too joyous and high-spirited for every occasion; but if joy and vitality have a place in religion, then Purcell's music is entitled to its place in English Church music. The Purcell repertoire of Cathedral choirs comprises usually three or four only of the less-inspired anthems. Organists should throw their net wider. Such masterpieces as *Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem*; \**Praise the Lord, O my soul*, and all; *My beloved spake*; *O ye people, clap your hands*; *Jehova quam multi*; and the *Evening Hymn* (and there can be few things more moving than to hear this sung by half-a-dozen well-trained boys) should be heard, and heard frequently, in every Church where there is a choir

\* There are two anthems beginning *Praise the Lord, O my soul*.

capable of singing them. Of course there is the difficulty of having an orchestra, or not having one: but a good organist on a good organ can make the orchestral interludes thoroughly effective. Orchestra or no orchestra, musicians, and all who care for Church music, should have the opportunity for hearing this music. In these articles reference has been made only to those anthems published in octavo editions, and not by any means to all of them. Purcell wrote many anthems more in the Cathedral style than the above; but for this very reason they have probably been more constantly performed—and more adequately performed—than the spirited and joyous anthems. But while a certain amount of Purcell's Church music is too experimental for Church performance to-day, there yet remains a large proportion which should be sung but which remains unheard either because it is considered unsuitable (too dreary or too frivolous or too long) or else because there are no copies from which to sing it. It has been the object of these articles to try to show, in a necessarily sketchy way, that the music is not too long or too dreary, although it has often been made to appear so. Nor is it frivolous—call it rather gay and gallant. As to the copies from which the choirs are to sing, those, it is to be hoped, will come before long. A striking proof of the neglect into which Purcell's Church music has fallen can be seen in the recently published *Manual of English Church Music* by Archdeacon Gardner and Mr. Nicholson. In the list of Church music here given as being suitable for cathedrals, three only of Purcell's anthems are included, and two of these are, in the writer's opinion, to be numbered among his feeble productions. It should be understood that this list is not intended to be a comprehensive one including all music suitable for cathedrals; but even so, to allot to Purcell but three of his hundred anthems seems inadequate. Byrd is given fifteen, and as many might have been given to Purcell. Only we have not yet discovered Purcell the Church musician as we have discovered Byrd the Church musician.

## Church and Organ Music

### AN EDUCATIONAL BASIS FOR ORGAN RECITAL PROGRAMMES

BY C. F. WATERS

Diverse indeed are the views concerning the construction of organ recital programmes. Some would have the items arranged in chronological order; others would insist on a relationship of keys; while many would decline to submit to any restrictions. Where recitals are infrequent there is much to be said in favour of a varied and comprehensive programme. There are, on the other hand, many places where recitals are given at regular intervals—once a week, or even oftener—and to substantially the same audience. With such an audience, familiar with, and interested in, organ music, the opportunity may be grasped for adopting a policy, such as is outlined below, which will have an instructive motive, and will aim at variety as between recitals rather than within each programme.

In the arrangement of a series of organ recitals, it should be possible to assign to each a definite subject for examination, be it the work of one composer, a 'school' or period, or some particular phase of organ composition. Bach recitals are now by no means uncommon, and while admitting the ample justification for recitals devoted to the works of so great a master, it will be well worth considering whether some other writer cannot be treated in the same way. The centenary or other anniversary of the birth or death of a composer

will present an opportunity for interesting people in him, and the occasion will impress upon their minds the period and significance of his work. It is just this kind of impression which is so valuable, for a proper appreciation of music, or indeed any art, so largely depends upon a true historical conception. Among those writers whose work may reasonably be taken as a subject for a recital may be numbered Rheinberger, César Franck, Guilmant, and Parry. A note on the composer and his work, with special reference to the examples to be played, should appear on the programme, preferably at the beginning, in order to ensure closer examination than is normally invited by a foot-note. Such a note will stimulate the more enthusiastic among the audience to seek further information for themselves. The recitalist himself will gain by a concentrated study of one composer, assuming that one player is undertaking a series of recitals on various 'subjects.' Where different recitalists are contributing to a series, each may be invited to choose a subject in which his interest mainly lies—one may be a Bach exponent, another may be partial to Rheinberger, a third may be a César Franck devotee, and so on.

It is, however, only a small number of composers whose work alone would provide adequate material for a recital, and it will be necessary, therefore, to look for another 'subject.' The recital exclusively devoted to one composer may find a contrasted successor in a programme drawn from a school or period, such as the modern French school. Of a recent recital by one of this school, consisting of his own compositions, it was stated that it 'lacked verve and energy—there was too much of the *pastorale, cantabile* style.' The inclusion of some movements by other composers of the same school would have removed the feeling of monotony, while at the same time attention would have been confined to one 'school.' Other groups of composers and other periods will present themselves to the mind.

Greater variety may result from a programme not restricted to one composer, one school, or one period, but chosen to illustrate the development of one particular form. No form is more susceptible to treatment in this way than the chorale prelude. From Pachelbel to Karg-Elert is a long journey—with many stopping-places between! It will be impossible to choose one programme which will do justice to this form; more than one programme could be given to the Bach Chorale Preludes alone. And it will be equally impossible to give, within the limits of a paragraph, any but the most meagre account of the history and development of this form, so beloved of great masters of various times. Space may be found to indicate the methods adopted by Bach—the plain statement of the chorale with embellishments at the end of each line, the fugal treatment of the opening notes of each line, the contrapuntal accompaniment of the melody in long notes, or the construction of a movement taking some point in the chorale as a motive but with little direct allusion to the chorale. It may be recorded that in turning their thoughts to the instrument some of the great masters adopted this form. Brahms at the end of his life wrote some beautiful Preludes, and Parry left two invaluable sets of seven. Three or perhaps four well-chosen Bach Preludes, two by Brahms, two contrasted Preludes of Parry's, such as *Martyrdom* and *Croft's* 136th, and two by living composers, will constitute an interesting and informative programme.

The growth of the sonata may similarly be taken as the subject of a recital. One of the delightful Trio-Sonatas of Bach may take first place on the programme, attention being drawn to the binary form of the several movements—the precursor of the design developed by Beethoven in his Symphonies and Sonatas. It may be observed how frequently have Chorales been utilised in organ sonatas, and such an example as Mendelssohn's Sixth may suitably follow the Bach Trio-Sonata. The scheme would be incomplete without one of the twenty Rheinberger Sonatas. In the case of some, attention may be drawn to the use of sonata form with its exposition of two subjects, development, and recapitulation, by no means common in organ sonatas, while as regards others no doubt opportunity will be found to comment upon the combination of fugue with sonata form. A modern sonata will provide a fitting conclusion.

If the Harwood C sharp minor Sonata be selected, the explanatory paragraph will not fail to call attention to the use of an old hymn melody, first appearing disguised in the development section of the first movement, then used in conjunction with the fugue in the third movement, and finally in a plain statement as a conclusion to the whole work.

Other 'subjects' will occur to the thoughtful recitalist—the 'ground-bass' or the variation form in organ music, the influence of plainsong in organ composition, 'Pastorale' movements, music inspired by the Psalms, and so on. The audience to be found, for example, at the lunch-hour recitals at a City church requires something more than passing enjoyment. It has that desire for knowledge, that spirit of inquiry, which we venture to think is so prevalent in these days of the wireless, the gramophone, and the pianola. We organists, by presenting our goodly heritage in a definitely instructive manner, can do much to satisfy that desire and to quicken that spirit of inquiry.

#### THE ORGANISTS' BENEVOLENT LEAGUE

The fourteenth Annual Report has been issued. We are glad to note that this excellent organization continues to grow steadily. The year's receipts show an increase both in regard to donations and organ recital collections. The increase from recitals should, however, be larger, for, as the Report points out, 'the basis on which the League rests is an appeal to organists to give recitals; and that donations are only a subsidiary method of contributing.' A pathetic interest attaches to the Report, in that it gives verbatim the speech of Sir Frederick Bridge at the meeting of the League on February 20—one of the last speeches he made. We can hear the familiar voice, and feel the gusto, as we read such passages as these:

'If there is one thing for which I shall always be thankful it will be that I helped to found this Fund; it makes me happy when I think about it. . . . We have got the money now, and we ought to relieve all the cases we can which come before us. Our successors must look after the cases which come before them. I do not believe in making a fetish of a large sum, or of saving up money and doing nothing with it. If you do, some Government will come along and confiscate the lot! . . . I should like to place on record my special thanks to Mr. Shindler, because he does a great deal of work really, and he knows the people. He has a legal mind, which enables him to investigate the cases, and not to be humbugged. They would humbug me like a shot!

We hope this Report, containing as it does one of the last public utterances of the League's President, will bring in a very large number of new supporters.

#### PRIEST-ORGANISTS

At a meeting of the Association of Organists held recently at Bournemouth, with Dr. W. Prendergast, organist of Winchester Cathedral, in the chair, the following resolution was carried: 'That this Association strongly protests against the growing practice of appointing clergy to fill the position of organist and choirmaster.' It was pointed out (1) that three cathedrals have priest-organists; (2) that it is scarcely consistent with ordination vows for a priest to devote his time to the study and practice of music; (3) that the serious shortage of ordinands does not justify a priest's taking up work which a layman could do. At the same meeting the Archdeacon of Cheltenham, the Ven. George Gardner, gave a helpful address on 'Music in Worship,' pointing out that the first step towards better things was the improvement of public taste.

Bach's *St. John Passion* was sung twice during Holy Week at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, by the choir of the Church, eighty strong (St. Andrew's is reputed to have the largest parish church choir in the county). There was a professional orchestra, Mr. H. Moreton conducted, and Dr. Ernest Bullock was at the organ. The Church was filled to overflowing on both occasions.

#### MEMORIAL TO JOHN VARLEY ROBERTS

A memorial to the late organist of Magdalen College, Dr. John Varley Roberts, has been placed, by permission of the President and Fellows, in the College Chapel, by his daughter, Mrs. Wynn-Cuthbert. It consists of a plaque in bronze repoussé, affixed to the wall of the archway which supports the organ-loft. The inscription, in raised lettering, is as follows:

1882—1918.

To the glory of God, and the pious memory of John Varley Roberts, Doctor of Music, Hon. M.A., Organist of the College and Informant of the Choristers, and the life-long friend of both.

Then follow the first three bars of the music and the opening words of Dr. Roberts's anthem, *Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.*

Dr. Alcock, organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and Lady Mary Trefusis, hon. secretary of the Church-Music Society, were the chief guests at the annual dinner of the Exeter and District Organists' Association, on April 22. Dr. Ernest Bullock presiding. Dr. Harold Rhodes, president of the Torquay Association, was also present, and pointed out that the two objects of the Association were the promotion of fellowship and the improvement of the status of the organist. Dr. Alcock urged that organists should not only be players of the organ, but also authorities on music and musical advisers. They must realise that the Church was not built round the organ, but was of first importance. He also urged the elimination of all unworthy music, even if the small quantity remaining had to be performed over and over again. Lady Mary Trefusis thought the future of Church music was full of hope, and a good sign was that the musical members of the congregation were being considered more than in the past, though both clergy and organist should realise more the necessity for this. Mr. Constable, organist of Rangoon Cathedral, gave an interesting contrast between Cathedral music in the West and in the East.

Mr. Philip Miles gave a Rheinberger recital at St. Stephen's, Bow, recently. He played the B flat minor Sonata, the *Cantilène* from the D minor, the first movement of the A flat, the Fugue from the *Pastorale*, the *Marcia Religiosa* and Fugue from the E flat minor, the Introduction and *Passacaglia* from the E minor, and the Monologues in D and D flat. It is a good plan to draw thus on a number of Sonatas in order to achieve variety, though we hope players who give programmes devoted to Rheinberger will realise that contrast is even more easily obtained by drawing liberally on the various short pieces. Perhaps the ideal scheme would open and close with a group of well-contrasted miscellaneous pieces, with a complete Sonata as the central item.

The new organ at Bangor Abbey, co. Down, was dedicated on April 23, Dr. E. Norman Hay giving the opening recital. His programme included Bach's Prelude on *In Thee is joy*, the *St. Anne* Fugue, and the *Scherzo* from Guilmant's fifth Sonata. The organ is a two-manual, with seventeen stops on the manuals and three on the pedals, built by Messrs. Evans & Barr, of Belfast.

At Purley Congregational Church, on May 8, a new organ was dedicated—a three-manual of thirty-four stops, built by Messrs. Henry Willis & Sons and Lewis & Co. Mr. Reginald Goss-Custard gave the opening recital, playing the first movement of Widor's sixth Symphony, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Mendelssohn's Overture for a military band, &c.

On the Monday in Holy Week Charles Wood's *Passion according to St. Mark* was sung in Booterstown Parish Church, Dublin, by the combined choirs of St. Mary's, Donnybrook, and of the Church, under the direction of Mr. F. C. J. Swanton. This was the first performance of the work at Dublin. A very large congregation was present.

Mr. H. V. Spanner will give a recital at the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, on June 4, at 3. His programme will include the pieces set for the next F.R.C.O. examination.

On April 30 Mr. G. D. Cunningham made his first appearance as the Birmingham City organist. He gave a mid-day recital, and the Town Hall was filled to overflowing. His programme, which included works by Bach, Widor, Vierne, and Wagner, was given entirely from memory. A recital the following week drew an audience of at least equal dimensions.

Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure* and selections from Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* were sung at Alnwick Parish Church on Good Friday, conducted by Mr. George C. Gray. Mr. Harry Brearly sang the tenor solos, and Mr. J. Burn was at the organ. A congregation of over a thousand was present.

The annual Festival of the London Sunday School Choir will take place at the Crystal Palace on June 7. At 2 p.m. the junior choir of five thousand will sing, and at 6, the adults will give a programme drawn from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Wagner, &c.

A selection from *Parsifal*, consisting of the Prelude, Transformation Music, the Grail Scene from Act I, and the Good Friday Music, was given at High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, on April 17. Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson was the organist.

Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (abridged) was sung in Malvern Priory Church on Good Friday. The soprano solos were sung by the Priory Choristers, the other soloists being Miss Millicent Russell, Mr. E. Howell, and Mr. Henry Brown.

Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson has been elected President of the Organists' Benevolent League, in succession to the founder, the late Sir Frederick Bridge.

#### ORGAN RECITALS

- Mr. Herbert F. Ellingford, St. Paul's, Portman Square—Adagio and Allegro (Sonata No. 2), *Bach*; Passacaglia, *Bach*; 'The Mastersingers' Overture; Overture, 'Lustspiel,' *Smetana*.
- Mr. Stanley Curtis, St. Paul's, Portman Square—Prelude and Fugue in C major, *Bach*; Three Chorale Preludes, *Parry*; Légende and Postlude, *Vierne*.
- Dr. F. H. Wood, Blackpool Parish Church—Marche Solennelle, *E. H. Lemare*; Nocturne in D flat, *Baird*; Suite for orchestra, 'Simon de Montfort,' *F. H. Wood*.
- Mr. Ernest F. Mather, St. Dunstan-in-the-East—Prelude in C minor, *Bach*; 'A rose breaks into bloom,' *Brahms*; 'Petites Litanies de Jésus,' *Groves*; Psalm-Prelude No. 1, *Howells*.
- Mr. Norman Strafford, Town Hall, Leeds—Alla breve and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Divertissement, *Vierne*; Caprice Héroïque, *Bonnet*; Symphony No. 6, *Widor*.
- Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Nocturne in B flat, *Baird*; Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Overture to 'Occasional' Oratorio; Sonata No. 5 (slow movement), *Rheinberger*; Bourrée in E flat, *Bach*; March in B flat, *E. Silas*.
- Mr. Douglas Austen Dick, St. Cuthbert's United Free Church, Edinburgh—Scherzo in B flat, *Wolstenholme*; Imperial March, *Elgar*; Pax Vobiscum, *Karg-Elert*; Chorale Prelude on 'Darwell's 148th,' *Darke*.
- Mr. Gatty Sellers, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway—Rondino in D flat, *Wolstenholme*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.
- Dr. Thomas Keighley, Manchester Cathedral—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Fantasia, *Frank*; Toccata in D minor, Intermezzo in D, and Toccata in A minor, *Reger*; 'The Pilgrim's Progress' (part 5), *Ernest Austin*.
- Mr. Henry Riding, St. Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury—Kieff Processional, *Moussorgsky*; Prelude on 'Winchester New,' *John E. West*; Homage Hymn, *Alec Rowley*.
- Mr. Richard B. Hamilton, All Saints, Hoole—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Legend, *Harvey Grace*; Festal Prelude, *Alec Rowley*.
- Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—'Chant de Mai,' *Jongen*; Prelude in E minor, *Bach*; Passacaglia in D minor, *Reger*.
- Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson, High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham—Fugue (Pastoral Sonata), *Rheinberger*; 'Moonlight,' *Lemare*; Pavane in A, *Johnson*; Concert Toccata, *Holloway*.
- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Mary Magdalene, Ashton-upon-Mersey—Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Sketch in F minor, *Schumann*; Fugue in E flat and Passacaglia, *Bach*.
- Mr. G. A. Birch, Wincanton Parish Church—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Finale (Sonata No. 6), *Mendelssohn*; Toccata in F, *Bach*.
- Mr. J. Albert Sowerbutts, St. Lawrence Jewry—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Stanford*; Trio in G, on 'To God on High,' *Bach*; Sonata No. 11 (first movement), *Rheinberger*; Fantasia on 'Forty days and forty nights,' *J. E. Wallace*; Adagio and Finale (Symphony No. 3), *Widor*.
- Mr. Albert Orton, St. Anne's, Soho—A *Bach* programme (one of a series): Concerto No. 4; Trio, 'Lord Jesus Christ unto us turn'; Sonata in D minor; Prelude and Fugue in E minor; Prelude and Fugue in G; Chorale Preludes.
- Mr. A. P. Porter, St. Matthias', Richmond—Three Preludes on Psalm-Tunes, *Charles Wood*; Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Fantasia in G minor, *Alan Gray*; 'Grande Pièce Symphonique,' *Frank*; Finale (Sonata No. 5), *Rheinberger*; Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue, *Willan*; Psalm-Prelude No. 2, *Howells*.
- Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's Parish Church, Belfast—Sonata No. 20, *Rheinberger*; Andante (String Quartet), *Debussy*; 'Villanelle,' *Ireland*.
- Mr. Frederick Mewton, St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney—Sonata in F minor, *Stanford*; Sonata in E minor, *Merkel*; Pean, *Harwood*; Sonata, *Elgar*; Scherzo in A flat, *Baird*; Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue, *Willan*.
- Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt, St. Giles's Cathedral—'Chant de Printemps,' *Bonnet*; 'Pilgrim's Progress' (parts 1 and 2), *Ernest Austin*; Scherzo, *Harvey Grace*; 'Verdun,' *Stanford*.
- Mr. R. J. Pitcher, Cheriton Baptist Church, Folkestone—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; Sonata, *Morandi*; Finale (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*; Study in C, 'Ride of the Valkyries,' *Pitcher*.
- Mr. Stanley Lucas, Christ Church, Westminster—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Two Chorale Preludes, *Parry*; Symphony in C minor, *Holloway*.
- Mr. H. Moreton, Westminster Cathedral—Overture in C, *Adams*; Elgiac Romance, *H. Moreton*; Fugue in G, ('The Wanderer'), *Parry*; 'Paulus,' *Malling*; Allegro Moderato ('Verdun'), *Stanford*.
- Mr. W. W. Thompson, St. Margaret Patten's, Eastcheap—'Laus Deo,' *Harvey Grace*; Suite Ancienne, *Holloway*; Pean, *Julius Harrison*.
- Mr. A. M. Hawkins, St. Andrew's, Ashley Place, S.W.—'Visione,' *Rheinberger*; Pastorale, *Bonnet*; 'In Modo Dorico,' *Stanford*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Prelude and Fugue in E minor ('The Wedge'), *Bach*; Allegro con brio (Sonata No. 4), *Mendelssohn*; Prelude on 'St. Michael,' *West*; Allegro in A minor, *Gade*; 'Solemn Festival,' *Rheinberger*.
- Mr. Philip Miles, St. Stephen's, Bow—Chorale No. 3, Pastorale, and Andantino in G minor, *Frank*; 'Chant de Mai,' *Jongen*; Slow movement (String Quartet), *Debussy*; Sonata No. 9, *Rheinberger*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Herbert Howells*; Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn-Tunes, *Vaughan Williams*.
- Mr. Harry Wall, St. Dunstan-in-the-East—Preludes on 'Jesus Christ, our Redeemer,' *Bach*, and 'What God doth,' *Karg-Elert*; Réverie on 'University,' *Harvey Grace*; Prelude on 'Shining Shore,' *Shippin Barnes*; Madrigal and Cortège, *Vierne*.
- Dr. Chastey Hector, Brighton Parish Church—Fugue in G, *Krebs*; 'Good Friday Music' ('Parsifal'); Fantasia and Toccata, and Allegretto (Sonata, Op. 149), *Stanford*.
- Mr. Harold M. Dawber, Bradford Cathedral—Three movements from 'Water Music,' *Handel*; Fugue, 'Ad nos, ad salutarem undam,' *Liszt*; Prelude on 'St. Mary's,' *Charles Wood*; Study, *Goodhart*; Caprice, *Harvey Grace*.



Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Michael-at-the-North-Gate, Oxford—Choral Study in D minor, *Karg-Elert*; Prelude, 'Gott des Himmels,' *Reger*; Intermezzo and Scherzoso (Sonata No. 6), *Rheinberger*; Epilogue, *Willan*; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Frank*; Prelude on 'Martyrs,' *Harvey Grace*; Thème Varié, *Ropartz*; Selection from 'Grande Pièce Symphonique,' *Frank*; Two Pieces founded on Plainsong Melodies, *Dupré*.

## APPOINTMENT

Mr. Henry Poole, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary the Virgin, Sunbury-on-Thames.

## Letters to the Editor

## NEGLECT OF HANDEL

SIR,—Mr. Claude W. Parnell writes very severely in your May issue of me and of my letter, but although he states his case with much force and perspicuity, I really cannot see that he has done more than express a different opinion upon the matter, and I venture to think he has not by any means refuted or falsified the argument I advanced. In many respects, indeed, he seems seriously to have misinterpreted my letter, but as he (somewhat ungraciously, I think) declares himself doubtful whether my text means anything at all, it may possibly be that I did not well express myself, despite the 'rhetoric' which he states characterises my communication.

I suggested, and still maintain, that the reaction against Handel which the last thirty years have witnessed is the result of the abuse and misrepresentation which his music suffered at the hands of the religiosity-mongers of the 19th century. I quite fail to see therefore that my censure of the mischievous and inartistic practice of wedding his operatic melodies to sacred verses was other than germane to the issue, and I consider Mr. Parnell's remarks in this respect to be entirely unjustifiable. Certainly the last thing I intended to imply was that Handel was responsible for this or for any other of the lamentable abuses of his music. Moreover I cannot follow the reasoning which, from the assertion that the last century disguised a sublime genius as a local preacher, draws the inference that the genius in question is being disparaged as a hypocrite.

I can assure Mr. Parnell that, although it may perhaps be my misfortune to possess less intellectual capacity than the 'merest child,' I am thoroughly familiar with the life and music of Handel, and that I yield to none in my affection and admiration for the composer. But the impression which I derive from the study of Handel is that his music, like his character, was essentially heroic, and that he was no rapt pietist or industrious purveyor of religious propaganda. With the possible exception of *The Messiah*, the religious element is the merest background for the great and gorgeous dramas that are Handel's oratorios. It is idle to assert, as Rockstro and others have done, that Handel preaches musical sermons, and those who pretend to discern in his compositions an evangelical purpose can only do so, if at all, by a wilful and violent distortion and misapprehension of them. Handel certainly did not 'discourse of divine things with his tongue in his cheek,' but he systematically subordinated the religious element in his oratorios to the dramatic, poetic, and pictorial elements, and I suggest that this is palpably manifest throughout the superb pages of *Samson*, *Belshazzar*, *Solomon*, *Deborah*, *Susannah*, and the rest. If Handel's purpose had been didactic, if he had sought to popularise Christianity, he would not, I apprehend, have painted his heathen in such glowing colours, or depicted his pagans so vividly and so convincingly, that they frequently quite outshine his Christians. In *The Messiah*, I agree, the dramatic element is in part eliminated, and this oratorio is, in fact, altogether  *sui generis*, but nevertheless, with profound deference to Mr. Parnell, my conception of *The Messiah* is as a supreme work of art and a triumph of imaginative power, not by any means as an exposition of the Christian faith or a disquisition upon the merits and

rewards of godliness. Whether such a conception is as absurd and unwarrantable as Mr. Parnell would appear to suggest is, of course, entirely a matter for the 'taste and fancy' of the individual. I advanced the suggestion in my last letter for what it was worth, and because I think *The Messiah*, regarded in that aspect, would secure a much more genuine and less perfunctory appreciation than it enjoys in its conventional character.

Handel resorted definitely to the composition of oratorio after he had been broken in health and pocket by the intrigues of the theatre, the petty tyrannies of operatic 'stars,' and the infinite *tracasserie* of theatrical management. He was not impelled to compose oratorios from motives of religious fervour, and Edward Fitzgerald believed that it was with great reluctance that he 'tied himself down to orthodoxy.' Opera abandoned, however, he selected a form which was then both fashionable and popular, comparatively remunerative, and well-suited to his colossal powers.

Whatever Handel's religious belief may have been, it was unquestionably of the kind which sensible men entertain but do not talk about. Himself a lover of toleration in these matters (*vide* Hawkins), he never sought to thrust piety or moral lessons down the public throat. Not in the least do I presume to impute insincerity to Handel, as Mr. Parnell suggests. If Handel were indeed the self-righteous psalm-smiter he has been represented to be, such an accusation would lie, but as he assuredly was *not*, no such charge can be preferred. The insincerity is all on the part of those who have so grossly misrepresented him. For, as I have endeavoured all along to demonstrate, there is nought amiss with Handel, but there is everything amiss with the unctuous Sunday-school atmosphere in which he was steeped by the century which succeeded his.

In conclusion, I would ask Mr. Parnell to credit his humble opponent with a little of that sincerity which he so justly commends. However heretical and abhorrent this view of Handel may seem to him, he is himself, I think, wrong in implying that I, and those whose views may coincide with mine, must necessarily be 'clever cynics who believe in nothing and in nobody.' At any rate, we do believe most intensely in Handel, but it is in the heroic and magnanimous Handel whom his works reveal, not in the smug and sanctimonious Handel whom the 'unco' guid' of a past era have falsely set up!—Yours, &c.,

Deal, Kent.

HERBERT S. BROWN.

May 1, 1924.

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Parnell reads into Mr. Brown's letter something that is not there. Mr. Brown would not speak of 'the wondrous poetry and supreme imaginative power of *The Messiah*' if he thought that Handel 'discoursed in music of Divine things with his tongue in his cheek.' The real weakness of Mr. Brown's position lies surely in his lament over Handel's fate in being 'adopted' by religious bodies, and in the 19th century insistence on his oratorios at the expense of his secular works, vocal and instrumental. Without this 'dire and cruel calamity' (as Mr. Brown calls it) Handel would have been almost entirely neglected. The real 'calamity' lies at the door of instrumentalists and opera-producers. Now that Germany has started reviving the operas, perhaps something will be done here. Meanwhile, it is illogical to blame for neglecting Handel the very people who have been most active in keeping alive at least one department of his work. It is hard to resist an impression that Mr. Brown is anti-Church rather than pro-Handel!

As to those adaptations, which both correspondents condemn: Handel himself had no scruples about adapting his own (or even other composers') secular music to Biblical words. Bach did even more daring things in this direction. Seeing, for example, how many of the sublimest pages of the B minor Mass are drawn from secular sources, can we seriously describe such adaptations as 'unholy and unnatural,' or as showing 'a hopeless lack of musical sense and of innate reverence'? And it must not be forgotten that some of the finest of the Lutheran Chorales—including *O Sacred Head*—were originally secular songs. So where are we?—Yours, &c.,

Bowes Park, N.

'HANDELIAN.'



## 'RECOVERY OF THE LOST VOICE'

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Ethel Aubrey, speaks of the prevalence of throat troubles among singers. This is certainly quite as much due to impurities in the blood consequent on the consumption of the actively pernicious and physiologically worthless refuse that forms the diet of ninety-nine out of a hundred singers (as of every one else), as on misuse of the throat.

A singer's throat, having naturally considerable use, is stimulated, and the circulation of blood in it is much increased. If the blood is laden with uneliminated waste, impurities, and toxic matter, this will tend to deposit in the throat, bringing on from time to time what doctors and dietiticians of the most modern views upon the relation of food and disease call an 'eliminative crisis,' which manifests itself as nasal or bronchial catarrh, sore throat, laryngitis, hoarseness, loss of voice, and so on—the respiratory tract, which includes the entire apparatus of breathing, from the nose and upper air-passages to the lungs, being one of the channels whereby toxic waste is eliminated from the system.

When in addition to ordinary erroneous feeding is added the notorious gluttony of singers, of whom certain, after eating a substantial meal an hour or an hour and a-half before a performance, will then stuff meat sandwiches which they wash down with copious libations of whisky and soda, or other fluid, small wonder is it that they suffer so much from catarrhal conditions, due to over-repletion, and are finished as singers before they reach the age at which they should be at their zenith.

The researches of eminent authorities such as Drs. Knaggs, Rabagliati, Robert Bell, Webb-Johnson, Hereward Carrington, and many others have shown that *all* forms of disease—catarrhal conditions among them—are due to the retention and excess of poisonous residual matter or toxins in the blood-stream and tissues, which excess they show is caused by bad food, wrong food, wrong combinations of food, and too much of it.—Yours, &c.,

May 4, 1924.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

## THE ACT OF TOUCH

SIR,—In a recently-published interview with Mr. Matthay, he is quoted as saying that his teaching of pianoforte technique is not a 'method.' He claims to elucidate the 'laws' which govern pianoforte playing, and dismisses so-called 'methods' as 'more or less fads supposed to be effective.'

One cannot contest the right of an individual to have faith in himself, but it is only fair to point out that Mr. Matthay's claims are not universally admitted, nor are they invulnerable when exposed to the attacks of criticism.

If we detect flaws in his arguments it does not mean that we ignore the value of his careful and minute analysis of pianoforte technique. At the same time the matter is of such interest and importance to teachers and players of the instrument that we must, for the sake of truth, look critically at his conclusions and state boldly where we differ from him.

(1.) The use of the word *leverage*. Of the three main methods of actuating the key—from the knuckle, from the wrist, and by arm-weight, the first two are described as acts of *leverage*. This discrimination is presumably due to the insufficiency of the weight of the finger and hand to do the work required. In the case of the arm there is weight enough and to spare. Arm-weight, therefore, is to be defined as the release of weight in a *downward* direction. In knuckle and wrist touches, leverage is employed, the recoil of the exertion which depresses the key being upwards against the hand and forearm respectively, and as the wrist and elbow are always retained in a mobile condition, that is, ready to be moved, the result is the movement of weight in an *upward* direction. The mechanism which effects this is the downward curving of the knuckle and wrist joints in excess of the distance permitted by the fall of the key, thereby causing a rise in the adjacent portions of the limb. Now this particular raising of weight is not in reality an act of *leverage*. It is true all movements of joints other than those due to relaxation are caused by muscular power transmitted from joint to joint on the principle of a lever, and the changes of

shape are the result of various acts of leverage causing bending of the joints concerned. But in the conditions prescribed for the movements necessary in producing pianoforte tone, the implement concerned, be it finger or hand, lacks one essential component of a lever, namely, *it has no fulcrum*.

Although the principle of the lever is probably familiar, it will be well to recall some of its details. In the case of the balance, or pair of scales, we see the three forces at work which constitute the necessary elements of lever action, at the two pans and at the point of suspension of the lever bar. Any divergence in the weight of the pans causes movement of the bar round the point of suspension, and this point is the axis of revolution, or fulcrum. In other forms of lever, the fulcrum may be at either end of the bar. Thus when we lift a weight from the ground by bending the elbow, the lever bar is the forearm and hand. The fulcrum is at the elbow; power is applied to the forearm through the muscles, and the other end of the lever raises the weight. We could at the same time raise the fulcrum of this lever (the elbow), by actuating another lever with the shoulder as fulcrum, and if we simultaneously rise from a stooping position, yet another leverage system will raise this fulcrum (shoulder) to a higher level, and the fulcrum of this latter system will be the feet. However composite the system of different lever actions may be, there must ultimately be a stationary fulcrum to fulfil the requirements of the machine. If we are unable to lift the weight it will be either because the power we exert is insufficient, or because the feet sink into the ground. In the latter case the weight then becomes the fulcrum, and the work done is the compression of the ground.

Leverage then consists of the combined action of three mechanical forces, one of which is stationary (potential) and the other two moving (kinetic). Movements which do not depend on a force acting at the axis of revolution are gyratory, pendulous, and such like. Thus a pendulum of a clock or the fly-wheel of an engine are not machines in themselves; they serve as regulators of the acting machine to which they belong. The lever is a machine.

Now in Mr. Matthay's act of leverage, he stipulates that when the finger-tip has depressed the key the act is complete. The finger-tip is, therefore, not the fulcrum, as it is in motion throughout the act. Similarly the knuckle or wrist are kept mobile, and therefore are not the fulcrum, or otherwise these joints would be supported from a rigid basis. The fulcrum is clearly not between these extremities. Where then is the fulcrum? Not at the elbow or shoulder, for any rigidity of these joints would affect the mobility of the wrist. The only point that satisfies the requirements is the seat the player occupies, together with the support derived from his feet on the floor. This, I believe, is not claimed to be the case. Therefore Mr. Matthay's action of key depression from knuckle or wrist is not leverage at all.

(2.) *Rotary exertion*. This term indicates the presumed exertion needed to change what is held to be the natural position of the forearm and hand into the position required for pianoforte playing. It implies that the natural position is that required by harp-players, the thumb being uppermost, with the palm nearer the perpendicular than the horizontal plane. To gain the position in which the palm is facing downwards requires what is called 'Rotary Exertion.' It is not difficult to demonstrate the error of this statement. The natural position of any joint is scarcely capable of scientific definition. What, for instance, is the natural position of the legs, say, during sleep, or when sitting? We must at all events regard complete relaxation of the muscles as a necessary condition, since any instinctive or purposive control of the muscles will produce a special position of the joints. We must also eliminate any external cause which may modify their position, such as friction or support derived from contact with other surfaces. The natural position of a joint can then only be regarded as that which it assumes in circumstances of *free suspension* with no force affecting it except the strain of gravitational attraction. Now if we allow the arm to hang in this condition at the side of the body, the thumb will be directed forwards, the palm facing inwards. While it is in this condition Mr. Matthay raises the arm, and rests it on the knee, where he finds it still maintains the relative position,

namely, the palm facing inwards, although the thumb now points upwards. He still calls this the natural position, in spite of having introduced a set of new and extraneous conditions. In the first place, the limb is now supported by the thigh, and its position is secured by friction of the surfaces in contact. In the second place, the hand is occupying the position due to its equilibrium, since the centre of gravity will be nearer the little finger than the thumb, causing the thumb to remain uppermost. From this attitude he raises the limb into the position required above the keyboard, and claims that an exertion of the rotary muscle is needed to allow the palm to face downwards. Now to raise the limb from its position of rest on the knee requires the use of the hinge joint of the elbow, the rotary muscle being still in a state of relaxation. The wrist too is not concerned with this action, and will also remain relaxed. The consequent result of the elbow action will therefore be that the unsupported hand will droop, the fingers will hang down and cause rotation of the fore-arm since the rotary muscles are relaxed, and the hand will find its natural position with the axis of the wrist joint in a horizontal line—that is, in the position required for pianoforte playing. It is clear that Mr. Matthey when bending the elbow, exerted the rotary muscle to prevent rotation of the fore-arm, or fixed the wrist joint to prevent the hand from drooping, or perhaps both. When, therefore, he states that rotary exertion is needed to put the hand in the necessary position over the keys, it is because he has unnecessarily introduced exertions which prevent its taking that position.

There are many other matters in Mr. Matthey's 'laws' which do not bear criticism, but as, comparatively, they are details, it is not of primary importance to draw attention to them.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY RIDEOUT.

55, Dora Road,  
Wimbledon Park, S.W.  
May, 1924.

#### THE *DOH*-MINOR—A WARNING

SIR,—As this controversy has become interesting to others besides the protagonists, may I venture to ask the advocates of *Doh*-minor on what grounds they claim that that notational method is superior to the Tonic Sol-fa notation, which has successfully stood the test of more than half a century of practical use, and follows—as the *Doh*-minor notation does not—the much older practice of the Staff Notation in dealing with the minor mode? This is a point on which both your correspondents have shirked answering Mr. Harrison's challenge; but they cannot escape from the logical conclusion that if Tonic Sol-fa uses a wrong minor notation, so also does the Staff. And this raises a practical difficulty, which it would be interesting to know how they overcome: How do they teach their pupils to find the place of *Doh* on the Staff? The Sol-faist has a simple rule which is applicable in all cases; but with *Doh*-minor methods it would seem to be necessary to know first whether the music is major or minor—and how is the young student to find that out?

Your lady correspondent's anecdote about her pupil doubtless suffers from the compression needful in press correspondence, but, as it stands, the most obvious inference is that her 'explanation' left a good deal to be desired. This inference receives collateral support from her remark that 'the *Lah*-minor does not and never can appeal to the intelligence of the student'—a statement which is highly suggestive regarding its author's mental attitude to the subject. As to her question ('What can be simpler . . .?') the answer is, firstly, that her device is not a modulator, and secondly that the Tonic Sol-fa scale chart is both simpler and more intelligible.

The root fallacy of the *Doh*-minor position seems to lie in regarding *Doh* and *tonic* as synonymous terms; whereas the former is a name implying relationship to other notes of the diatonic scale, and the latter is a title of office or function performed in a particular composition. To take an analogy from family life, *Doh*, *ray*, *me*, &c., are like father, son, uncle, &c., in expressing fixed internal relationships; A, B, C, &c., express absolute identity like John, Robert, Henry; while *tonic* might be likened to such a

functional title as host. When the family circle meets at my father's home, he is our host; but when we visit my uncle I do not call him 'father' because he has become the host—our blood relationships remain unchanged though our social relation alters. In the same way, the inter-relationships of *lah*, *doh*, *me*, &c., remain unchanged whether they meet (so to speak) at Major House where *Doh* is their host or tonic, or at Minor Villa where *Lah* acts in that capacity, or for that matter at Dorian Cottage, where *Ray* fulfils a similar function.

It is the *relative* major and minor that are modes of the same diatonic scale—that belong to the same family circle; *tonic* major and minor are different modes of different scales, as is shown in Staff Notation by their different signatures. This has always been recognised by both Staff and Tonic Sol-fa notations; and a system that runs counter to it is psychologically unsound. What, then, is the motive for introducing *Doh*-minor? What evidence is there that Tonic Sol-fa fails to provide adequately for the minor mode?—Yours &c.,

J. GILBERT WIBLIN.

36, Hamilton Road, Oxford.

April, 1924.

#### INSTRUMENTAL ECONOMY

SIR,—In the broadest sense orchestral balance is achieved if, in the *ff tutti*, no one tone-colour predominates excessively over the others. It consists in a proper mixing of the colours, and in the correct proportioning of them.

The concert orchestra in its present form may be said to approach very closely to a state of perfection in the matter of balance; but the question arises, Does it attain this end with the greatest possible instrumental economy?

Orchestral concerts in this country do not pay, and in consequence there are too few of them. Furthermore, there is no permanent concert orchestra in existence. That is to say, no executive musician is able to obtain, in connection with concert work, a permanent engagement which will provide him with a settled salary.

It would obviously be a great help if the cost of orchestral concerts could be reduced without lowering their artistic standard; yet modern composers are steadily increasing the number of instruments for which they score their works. Musically the gain is small; financially the loss is great; therefore it would be better if composers, with whom the final decision must rest, would study to reduce the size of the orchestra rather than to augment it.

Orchestras should, of course, contain all the colours, but in less profusion than at present. It would surely be possible, for example, to cut down the string strength while maintaining the wood-wind department as at present constituted.

Rimsky-Korsakov gives the following string strengths:

	GRAND ORCHESTRE.	MOYEN ORCHESTRE.	'PETIT ORCHESTRE.
Violini I. . . . .	16	12	8
" II. . . . .	14	10	6
Viole . . . . .	12	8	4
Violoncelli . . . . .	10	6	3
Contrabassi . . . . .	8-10	4-6	2-3

Now if the 'Petit Orchestre' be taken as a basis, and wood-wind be added in pairs—two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, and two bassoons; and if the brass and percussion be added according to the demands of the composition to be played, an orchestra will be formed which contains all the primary colours, and which requires but forty to forty-five executants.

Increasing this number can do no more than heighten effects of climax.

Bearing in mind the disadvantages of the very large orchestra from the financial point of view, clearly it is at present better to make more use of the small orchestra and to concentrate upon gaining perfection of execution rather than startlingly powerful *tutti*—Yours, &c.,

17, Trafalgar Road,  
Twickenham.

OLIVER STEWART.



## FREE COUNTERPOINT

SIR,—I should not have thought it necessary to take much notice of Mr. Claude Landi's communication in the May issue if it were not for the fact that he has asked me a question, and possibly some of your readers may be awaiting an answer.

In view of my advocacy of strict counterpoint as a means of acquiring fluency in polyphonic writing, I am asked to explain the criticism of the R.C.O. examiners, that candidates who are good in strict counterpoint often produce poor results in fugue and free counterpoint. The question seems fair, and at first sight the examiners' report appears to deal the case for strict counterpoint a pretty considerable blow. If those who teach it were in the habit of regarding the study of it as the only thing necessary in order to compose, they would obviously be compelled to alter their views on the subject.

The reason, however, why one who is skilful at strict counterpoint fails so often to compose good fugues, lies in the fact that his musical education is lamentably incomplete and one-sided. It is a regrettable thing that so many students (possibly their teachers are really to blame) do not realise that they must acquire what I will describe as the ability to 'hear with the mind.' Without this, composition is impossible. Many candidates are incapable of harmonizing a melody effectively, either because they are unable to hear in their mind the underlying harmony, or because of their incapacity to transfer their ideas to paper: yet, after all, this is only the first step in the acquisition of the capability of expressing oneself in the language of music.

Given the conscientious candidate who possesses the ability to hear mentally, it is unlikely that it will be reported of him that although his strict counterpoint is good, his fugal writing is poor; rather will it be possible to maintain that his studies in strict counterpoint have gone a long way towards enabling him to acquire the 'capability of writing in a flowing, polyphonic style.'—Yours, &c., ARTHUR G. CLAYPOLE.

## OLD VILLAGE CHURCH MUSICIANS

SIR,—The reviewer of *Sussex Church Music in the Past* in the May number of the *Musical Times*, aptly remarks that 'the collection and publication of local records is a pious work that merits all possible encouragement.' This is true, and I would like to suggest that the history of Church Music from about 1660 to 1860, the period roughly covered by my book, be undertaken for every county by some musical antiquary. The chief sources of information on the subject are the old MS. books and printed Psalmodies, and the ancient instruments still extant; and the very old men and women whose forbears were the singers and minstrels of former days. Unfortunately neglect and the kitchen fire are destroying one class of these sources, and death is claiming the other. It is therefore urgent that so interesting a period of Church music should find its historian without delay. A few writers have touched upon the subject in fiction (as Thomas Hardy in *Under the Greenwood Tree*), and some, like Canon Galpin, have dealt with it in fact, but not with reference to a whole county: and I believe my book is the first historic record of Church Music in the Past concerning a complete county. I have tried to persuade Dr. Bridge, of Chester, to undertake Cheshire: but who will be the historians of other counties? I will willingly advise anyone who will carry out the congenial task as to the best method of procedure, and assist in any way I can.—Yours, &c., K. H. MACDERMOTT.

Selsey Rectory, Chichester.

May, 1924.

## ROYALTY SONGS

SIR,—Will you permit me to put before those of your readers who are undecided as to the advisability of 'royalty songs,' having read the remarks, and views of 'Feste' in the May issue?

If two songs, equally good, and equally effective and suitable to the vocaliste's taste and requirements, were put before her (one of the best singers), she would naturally choose the song that gave her a royalty upon copies sold, rather than the song devoid of such an offer.

E

The first and most popular vocalistes have many songs submitted to them, which they pass by for want of time and opportunity to consider them. Would not a singer, naturally 'gloss' through the 'royalty songs' in the first place, and finding a song exactly to her wishes, requirements, and taste, she would look no further, the non-royalty songs having their last 'resting place' in the W.P.B.

Thanking you for finding me a 'corner.'—Yours, &c.,

Overbury, Furze Lane, G. HUBI-NEWCORNE.

Purley, Surrey.

May, 1924.

## HOFFMANN AND AMERICA

SIR,—Apropos of the critical notice in your April issue of Josef Hoffmann, signed 'G. Y.,' we in America are comforted to hear that your critic finds Hoffmann's musical reputation is not founded entirely on American press boosting, but has substantial basis. He says, indeed, that one would hardly think Hoffmann had even been 'across the herring pond' (!)

We suspect some humour here. As real swank it is almost too good to be true.

But without taking 'G. Y.' too seriously in this, we would express our relief. Hoffmann and we are partially vindicated.

It would be too bad if we had really had a devastating effect upon him, because we really think he has a liking for us. And this is not unnatural, for you know, strange to say, despite our deplorable 'boosting' proclivities, we are, I think, to a large extent credited with checking the undue exploitation of his early precocious talent, and making possible its proper and natural development.

But artists who tarry long 'on this side the herring pond,' or who can point to American popularity (they are fairly numerous), had better beware. In England they are suspect. (By the way, I am so glad to meet once more that dear old phrase 'herring pond'—it is still extant, I see—truly some British institutions show permanence, despite unhappy war changes.)

However, 'G. Y.' must have his fling at us, for note his hint that certain defects he discovers in Hoffmann's art may be due to the abnormal size of American concert-halls. It is rather ungenerous in him to let this slur remain after finding subsequently that he heard the artist with entire satisfaction in the Albert Hall, which I believe is somewhat larger even than our own Carnegie. There is some humour in that also, but I fear it is of the unconscious sort.—Yours, &c., STEWART A. TRENCH.

New York,

April 12, 1924.

## 'THE TRAVELLER' AGAIN

SIR,—Judging from remarks and comments on my letter to you in the *Musical Times*, I seem to be unique in my opinions of music.

Classical musicians and others have had such a lot to say about bad, rubbishy music (as they term it), that they would be astounded, in all probability, that I have discovered a new theme in opposition. I would like to explain more fully this theme, which is causing quite a stir in the musical world. For the sake of argument I will give this subject the heading of 'Classical *versus* Ordinary Music.' You will observe I have used the word 'ordinary,' because I have been told by yourself, through your paper, that classical music is popular. Now, as educated men and musicians have, without fear, termed ordinary music trash, slushy, &c., I am going to say that classic music is, to me, all humbug. 'Nonsense!' did you say? Well, I can at least give a reason why I think it is humbug.

For instance, performers of the classics (nearly all, at any rate) use a foreign name, which, by the way, seems to degrade English talent. Now, there is a reason for this. It may be to hypnotise the public, or to be above the commoner. When a performer makes weird noises on an instrument the audience bubbles with emotion, because they have been told it is simply grand. Why, I would rather hear the rhythm of the L. & N.W. Railway, as it speeds over the joints of its 60-ft. rails.

It is surprising how the public are influenced, without thinking for themselves. But it matters little to me what the public like; what I am mostly concerned about is that classic music is gradually encroaching in places such as cinemas, bandstands, and the like. However, I leave this hard subject for more educated minds to tackle.—  
Yours, &c.,  
'THE TRAVELLER.'

20, Londesboro' Road, N.16.

May 8, 1924.

P.S.—I must thank you for your fairness in publishing my last letter, and trust that you will publish this one, so that your readers may commend or lecture me. I might add that these letters are candid and straightforward, and not intended for joking purposes.

## Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times*, June, 1864:

MEYERBEER

So full of life are the latest works of this world-renowned composer, that the news of his death during the past month, although occurring at the age of seventy-three, was received with as much surprise as if it had taken place in middle life. The long career of an artist so thoroughly true to himself, and so earnest in his endeavour to found a style of operatic composition which should be stamped with his own individuality, marks an epoch in the history of art almost as important as that of Gluck, who may indeed be called the originator of the true school of operatic writing. Educated first as a pianist, it was some time before Meyerbeer developed his genius as a composer; and even then the intoxicating effect of Rossini's music obscured his better judgment, and led him to produce some weak imitations of this composer's style, which are now, like most imitations, utterly forgotten. Although his *Crociato* proved to the world that his real strength did not lie in the pure Italian school, it was not until the production of *Robert le Diable* at Paris, in the year 1831, that he gave that unquestionable indication of the great dramatic faculty which reached its highest development in *Les Huguenots*. In *Robert* we have every character so exquisitely coloured by the music that the diversity of style may be forgiven; and regarding this work as a brilliant specimen of that transition age when his genius was rapidly advancing to a consciousness of its own power, we are inclined to believe that it will continue to maintain its reputation as one of the best operas of the romantic school. *Les Huguenots*, produced in 1836, stands at the head of his works; and were it not for that unapproachable dramatic genius Weber, would unquestionably occupy the highest place as a grand musical romance. Into this opera Meyerbeer has thrown all his matured power, and so skillfully contrasted the music that, although a work of great length, it never causes weariness; and indeed is not only the best, but the most popular of all his operas. *Le Prophète* and *L'Etoile du Nord*, although containing music of a high class, will never occupy the same place in public estimation as *Les Huguenots*; but his last work, *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, started at once into favour, and is, we think, destined to take a prominent position amongst his contributions to the operatic stage. Whether we may hear his long-promised work, *L'Africaine*, is, we believe, doubtful; for whispers are abroad that he has forbidden its representation. We know how sensitive he was—how keenly he felt the impossibility of adequately realising his dramatic conceptions, and how age stealthily crept upon him whilst he was vainly seeking for a heroine for his last new work. Although spared long enough to reach the consummation of his genius, we feel that he has departed too soon. Paris has mourned his loss with the true instinctive feeling of reverence for greatness; but London reads his death in the daily obituary, and only wonders whether he has provided for his family. Let us hope, however, that this absence of any demonstration of feeling may not be indicative of apathy; and that our earnest appreciation of the great works he has left us may be regarded as the English garland of *immortelles* to be placed with public honours upon his coffin.

## Sharps and Flats

It has been the commercial cleverness of the 'Group of Six' to claim the honour of fighting as the advance guard of contemporary musicians. Their strength lay in popularising the legend that they represented the newest and the most daring tendencies in art to-day. Excellent strategy.—  
*Emile Vuillermos.*

At four-and-three-quarter hours of Wagnerian opera recently I did not hear a semblance of real tone.—  
*Whitney Tew.*

Chords of the seventh and ninth are used with liberality, but they are not introduced for the sake of eccentricity. . .  
—*Wilson G. Smith.*

The indulgence of the audience was asked because of the accident to his ankle, which prevented him from appearing last week. In the circumstances it is not fair to say anything about his singing.—*Crescendo in the Star.*

## The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Amateur orchestra has vacancies for all instruments. Sundays, 11 a.m.—Thomas Lane Mission Room, Egerton Street, Sheffield.

Violinist (gentleman) wanted to join 'cellist and pianist for practice of classical trios. West London district.—R., 64, Wallingford Avenue, W.10.

Lady pianist wishes to meet violinist for practice of classical violin and pianoforte sonatas. N.W. London district.—F. G. F., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist (gentleman) wishes to meet pianist or other instrumentalists for practice. Kensington district.—F. G., 52, West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

Young lady wishes to join musical club. Also wishes to meet pianist for duets and pianoforte duos.—I. M. B., 12, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.5.

Putney Brotherhood Orchestra. Violin, viola, and 'cello players, with some orchestral experience, are invited to call at Wesleyan Church, Upper Richmond Road, Mondays, 8 p.m.

Pianist (gentleman) wishes to accompany vocalist or instrumentalist, for mutual practice.—B. E. DENNIS, 65, London Wall, E.C.

Tenor and baritone vocalists wish to meet pianist (vocalist preferred) for mutual practice.—LEONARD ASCHE, 50, Heygate Street, S.E.17.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Despite the fact that the summer term is the last term of the academical year, there was an exceptionally large entry of new pupils, some coming from places so far as New Zealand, Japan, South Africa, and the United States. Sir Alexander Mackenzie having withdrawn from active direction of affairs, the training of the orchestra is now entirely in the hands of Sir Henry Wood, who conducts both the Tuesday and Friday rehearsals.

A course of four lectures on 'The History of Music' is being given by Dr. Frederick G. Shinn in Duke's Hall on Wednesday afternoons. The subjects are as follow: Brahms and his Chamber Music—As a Song Composer; Dvorák and his Chamber Music; Spain and its Music. The illustrations include chamber music and pianoforte and vocal solos.

The Sterndale Bennett Scholarship (for any branch of music) has been awarded to Frederic M. Jackson (pianoforte). The adjudicators were Messrs. Frederick Keel, Philip Cathie, and Stewart Macpherson (chairman).

Dr. Markham Lee has been appointed Lecturer in Music at University College, Leicester. He will, however, continue to reside in London, as the duties of the post will not preclude the carrying out of his other work.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The College reassembled for the summer term on Monday, May 5, when the Director, Sir Hugh Allen, in delivering his terminal address to the students, took the opportunity to pay tribute, in the name of the College, to the memory of the three great Professors recently passed away—Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Stanford, and Sir Frederick Bridge.

Though the term is still young it has been found advisable, in view of the fact that a heavy list of fixtures looms ahead, to begin the concerts early, and it was found possible to arrange for three concerts and a Patron's Fund Rehearsal in May. Coming arrangements include, besides the regular chamber, orchestral, and informal concerts, students' recitals and Patron's Fund Rehearsals, some performances by the Ballet Class, and the production of Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Drover*, by the Operatic Class.

The prizes in the Cobbett competition for performances of chamber music, mentioned in last month's issue, were duly distributed on May 7, in the presence of a large assembly of students. The donor himself, Mr. W. W. Cobbett, presented the prizes, and gave an interesting address on chamber music, with special reference to British composers. Mr. H. C. Colles gave a short lecture—or, rather, ten minutes' conversation—on the subject of chamber music, emphasising its very special place in the scheme of music, owing to the conditions under which it was composed and performed. The Director, in thanking Mr. Colles and Mr. Cobbett, was able to make the gratifying announcement that Mr. Cobbett was taking steps to enable this competition to be an annual institution.

## TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The inaugural address delivered to the College students and friends by Dr. J. C. Bridge (a vice-president of the College) proved most interesting and informing. The subject was 'Dr. Burney.' After the address, prizes were presented to a number of successful students, and a performance of a short programme of music followed.

A pianoforte and vocal recital given by Miss Maud Agnes Winter and Mr. John Savile, teachers at the College, was well attended and much enthusiasm was shown.

Two public functions held in connection with the distribution of certificates gained at the local examinations attracted much attention. That held at Chester (Chester centre) was presided over by Dr. Bridge, who in his address urged that it was the duty of parents to encourage their children to take up the playing of stringed instruments to a larger extent than prevailed. The second distribution was held at Central Hall, Westminster (London centre), where Princess Helena Victoria presented the prizes and certificates. Sir Wilfrid Collet (Governor of British Guiana), in moving a vote of thanks to the Princess, mentioned that he was a student of the College in 1878.

The second beautiful set of two memorial stained-glass windows has now been placed in position on the staircase leading to the second floor of the College buildings. These windows commemorate the 'wisdom, foresight, and disinterested labour' of the Founders of Trinity.

Owing to the illness of Dr. C. W. Pearce, Mr. J. Warriner has been appointed acting director of studies till the end of the present term. The many friends of Dr. Pearce will be glad to know that he is benefiting by the rest and change he is now taking.

It has been decided to make considerable alterations to the College library, including improved cases for the music and musical literature, a memorial window to the late Sir Frederick Bridge, and a general re-arrangement. When so altered the library will be known as the 'Bridge memorial library.'

Dr. E. Barrett Lane (the first gold medallist of the College, 1880) has been appointed Grand Organist of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England for the ensuing year.

Mr. Walter Wilson Cobbett has received the diploma of F.T.C.L., *honoris causa*.

## THE NEW RICHARD STRAUSS BALLET

BY PAUL BECHERT

The much-heralded new ballet by Richard Strauss entitled *Schlagobers*, or *Whipped Cream*, has at last had its première at the Vienna Staatsoper, under the personal supervision and musical direction of Richard Strauss. This long-deferred production had been preceded by endless discussions of the most varied nature. There had been many who found it 'beneath a man of Strauss's status' to indulge in the composition of a work which in the nature of things could at best be only superficial and amusing; others who had been alarmed by rumours of the alleged political, in fact reactionary, tendency of the story; and others still who felt that it was, to say the least, superfluous for the Vienna State opera-house to produce so innocent and insignificant a piece in an ambitious and lavishly mounted style. The ultimate production of the ballet has now set all such discussions at rest.

Did I say 'at rest'? The fact is that the realisation of the plan, so far from pouring oil on the waves, marked the beginning of a new campaign against the latest Straussian work from all three groups referred to above. Strange to say, all were right—and at the same time all three groups were utterly wrong. In refuting the various charges raised against its composer, the first is that which concerns us most, and at the same time that whose falsity may most easily be proved. *Schlagobers* has been almost unanimously condemned by the musical critics, and most prominently so by those who had up to its production counted among Richard Strauss's most unconditional admirers. In fact, the new piece has been least disappointing to those who, like the writer, had long ago recognised Strauss in his true importance and mission. To these, *Schlagobers* is the logical, indeed the inevitable, outcome of the checkered and purely eclectic career of Strauss, true type that he is of the 20th-century composer. The day is gone by when Strauss's life-work admitted of any illusion or self-deception. His was a development which had its rise in the romantic school of a Mendelssohn (as may be seen in his early chamber-music works), and later, in *Guntram* and *Feuersnot*, exhausted the possibilities of the Wagner idiom, turning to new fields in *Salome* and *Elektra*—his supreme artistic efforts. *Der Rosenkavalier*, Strauss's next operatic work, marked his first decisive step towards what the German language, in an intranslatable term, describes as *Artistic*. In it are contained preponderance of form over content, of means over matter, of dexterity and trifling playfulness over seriousness of purpose—indeed over purpose itself. Yet here there was still the old Straussian force and mastery, as even in *Ariadne auf Naxos* which followed—although the element of *Artistic* became forcibly evident for the first time in this work. Its mixture of *opera seria* and *opera buffa* is too clearly a matter of pure and indeed dazzling deftness, and the stylistic jest which it serves to introduce virtually drowns whatever seriousness the plot either calls for or permits. Such shortcomings are most obviously demonstrated in the second version (the so-called Viennese version) of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which was especially composed for the Vienna Opera, and served to usher in the so-called 'Viennese period' of Strauss's life-work, which was destined to become so deleterious to his future artistic career. It is not an accident, perhaps, that his leaning towards trifling playfulness first manifested itself in *Rosenkavalier*—the first Straussian work to possess a Viennese flavour. Vienna, its atmosphere tinged with the sensuousness and the joy of living, had proved a fertilising and stimulating influence in the lives of a Beethoven or a Brahms, whose Teutonic ruggedness and rigidity were mellowed here, and their soul imbued with new and tender sentiment. But the superficial Vienna of to-day is not the city of several decades ago, and Strauss is not a North German. His eclectic genius quickly reacted to subtle and latent influences. Having passed through his romantic and Wagnerian periods he responded to the influence of Johann Strauss in *Rosenkavalier* and to that of the old Viennese baroque opera in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. All the elements of trifling and playfulness which had heretofore been at work in him are now concentrated in his new ballet, *Schlagobers*.

But behold the mentality of the German intellectual who applies his intellectualism even to that most elusive and least intellectual of arts, Music. Even the most insincere and palpably artificial of Strauss's music had readily been accepted, even acclaimed, for the sake of its alleged 'ethical' and psychological meaning, for its false profundities and pseudo-philosophic scope. Even the *Legend of Joseph*, purely ballet music—and mediocre ballet music—that it is, was proclaimed a manifestation of genius, and invested with a deep psychological significance. It remained for his new ballet seriously to endanger Strauss's firmly fixed position in the affections of his Central European public—and very unjustly so.

To sum up, *Schlagobers* is the logical sequence of all that has preceded it in Strauss's career; indeed in some respects it must be ranked higher than all his recent products—including the ill-fated *Alpine Symphony*—as a 'human document' in the true sense of the word. In *Schlagobers*, the real Strauss as he is to-day is manifested openly and frankly for the first time. True, it is a deplorable coincidence that the première of this ballet synchronised almost exactly with Strauss's sixtieth birthday, for it is not the work that one would hope for from a towering genius who stands at the threshold of old age. Wagner's last work was *Parsifal*, weaker perhaps than his early, great creations, but still the product of a mature genius soaring high above the little vanities of his day. But how unreasonable to expect such a work of Richard Strauss, who had ever loved to play upon melodies and had seldom cared about ethical or æsthetic aspects! What a fine pose for the old wizard now to lift the mask, to throw all pretensions to the wind, and frankly to reveal himself as he really is—a playful, un-literary, un-intellectual *Musikant*!

The fact is that *Schlagobers* is a delightful and charming little work. No more than its name implies, it is light, foamy, airy stuff, satiating but not nourishing, and palatable only when served as a sweet dessert. And those who now bewail Strauss's 'debasement' are reminded that, so far from marking a departure from the customary Strauss idiom, it is in fact the Strauss idiom of his later period, properly applied for the very first time. Those who object to Strauss's stooping to ballet should recall that a Beethoven wrote his *Men of Prometheus*, and that a Mozart composed numerous jocular canons and songs of a flippant, even frivolous, sort. (True, he wrote them heedlessly, unconscious of their musical value, while Strauss's equally innocent ballet was produced, on a large scale, and at his own behest, by an important Continental opera-house in which he occupies the responsible post of director. But comparisons are odious.)

The scenario of *Schlagobers* is Strauss's own work. It is simple and unassuming beyond description, notwithstanding certain rather obvious political associations—but it is the very simplicity, even childishness, of the book which makes Strauss's art all the more remarkable for being palatable through his music. The first scene takes us to a Vienna pastry shop in the Biedermeier period—charmingly characterised by a simple little G major melody of Haydn-like homeliness, which later assumes the character of a *leitmotiv*—where boys and girls, after indulging in the appetising whipped cream, execute a little 'Ländler,' reminiscent of a scene from the first Act of *Ariadne*. Meanwhile, one small boy, who is destined to become the 'hero' of the entire ballet, is seen to suffer from the discomforting consequences of his excessive appetite. The scene changes to the kitchen of the confectionery, where various sorts of pastries execute warlike dances to a strongly rhythmical *Presto* movement; whether or not their military exercises possess a certain vein of political parody we are left to decide for ourselves. The next scene introduces Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, and Sugar as acting—and dancing—persons. Princess Tea, springing from a huge box, dances to a charmingly exotic 5/8 rhythm which conjures up memories of Salome's dance as well as of the Unveiled Girls from the *Legend of Joseph*. It is one of the happiest numbers not only of the present work, but of any that Strauss has ever written. Prince Coffee enters to the strains of a Brazilian Tango, and is charmed by a lovely vision of a girl, while the orchestra performs a passionate *Träumerei*, with a long cadenza for the solo violin. In this scene the rasping sound of a coffee-roaster

constitutes Strauss's latest addition to the contemporary orchestral ensemble. Prince Cocoa follows with a grotesque dance, and gives place to Don Zuckero (Sugar), who woos in turn Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa, and dances off to make way to what was apparently intended as the scenic *pièce de résistance* of the entire performance; a huge automaton in the garb of a cook is seen beating whipped cream, and the fruits of his endeavour assume the shape of forty-eight charming young girls who pour forth from the huge copper charger to execute a whirling dance which closes Act 1. This 'Whipped Cream Waltz,' scenically excellent, is one of the weaker musical numbers of the ballet. Act 2 leads us into the home of the little whipped-cream glutton, who is seen in his sick-bed as a result of his excessive appetite, attended by his mother and a kind old physician. The orchestra paints his woes with distorted and parodistic reminiscences of the 'Whipped Cream Waltz'—a realistic scene which does more credit to Strauss's descriptive dexterity than to his taste, although it does not very far deviate from his earlier feats when even more intimate physical functions were described in his *Sinfonia domestica*. The feverish visions of the little boy constitute the plot of the remaining scenes. We are transferred to the court of Princess Pralinée—the good fairy of the pastry shop—who performs a charming little waltz (a duplicate of the *Rosenkavalier* waltz, with its intermittent pauses), and is followed by the little Chocolate boys, who execute a dance to a Bavarian national tune and to elaborate variations based on its rhythmically interesting melody. In the next scene, Mlle. Marianne Chartreuse, impersonating France, springs from a big bottle, and is in turn courted by Ladislav Slivovitz (representing Poland) and Boris Wutki, the Russian. What follows is a drastically painted revolution of the minor, or proletarian, pastries who are instigated by the Mazes (the Jewish Passover bread!)—impersonated by five Oriental Magi, descendants of the five Jews from *Salome*—and finally appeased by Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, and especially by Munich Beer. Whereupon all are peacefully united at the court of Princess Pralinée. The revolution is illustrated musically by a big and excellently constructed *Passacaglia*, where the motives of the various pastries, as they enter, are contrasted with the obstinate bass theme which symbolises the upheaval. It is one of the strongest and most dramatic numbers which Strauss has ever written, and the *Riot Polka* of this scene is almost uncanny in its weird grotesqueness.

The scenario, it will be seen, consists of a number of arbitrarily compiled scenes loosely linked, musically, by the groanings of the poor little patient, but otherwise lacking in logic, and devoid of even a semblance of plot, action, or meaning. The music of the ballet, however, is amusing without ever becoming trivial, and graceful without being too light in weight. It is ballet music, of course, and as such steers clear of the pseudo-philosophy and pseudo-ethics which so many have attempted to ascribe to Strauss's earlier works, including even the *Legend of Joseph*. *Schlagobers* is genuinely Straussian in its harmonies—the certain progressions of 3rds and 6ths being again in evidence—but it is genuinely Straussian also in its widely-flung melodic arches and brilliant and subtle orchestral colouring. Reminiscences from *Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne*, and *The Legend of Joseph*, even from *Salome*, are quite frequent. But for once these essentially primitive melodic elements are thoroughly in place in a ballet which does not pretend to be more than a pleasing piece of music, sans ethics, psychology, philosophy, and literary ambition.

At Brantford (Ontario) the Brantford Oratorio Society of a hundred and twenty voices, assisted by the Brantford Symphony Orchestra of forty performers, gave its fifteenth concert before a crowded and enthusiastic audience, at the Grand Opera House, on May 1. In the first part of the programme the orchestra played Sydney Raynes's Overture, *Endure to Conquer*, and H. J. Taylor's *Serenade for strings*; the choir sang Sullivan's unaccompanied part-song, *The long day closes, Stephenson's Ships that pass in the night*, and Barnby's *Sing a joyous roundelay*. The second part of the programme consisted of the performance, for the first time in Canada, of Hubert Bath's *The Legend of Nerubudda*. Dr. Frederick C. Thomas conducted.





slurred or lost, in spite of the opposition from various parts of the barracks by bugle and fife-and-drum practices and parades—somewhat irritating, but unavoidable. A feature which I found particularly interesting was the strange resemblance between the massed wood-wind tone in the open air and that of the strings in a concert-hall. It was even more striking than the more-expected similarity between saxophones and 'celli.

The whole experience was a revelation to me. Here undoubtedly is a new field for composers which they are only beginning to explore, with opportunities for tone-contrasts and combinations possibly even greater than in the modern concert-hall orchestra, and a mass of enthusiasts, both directors and players, to offer every encouragement and justify every effort. From glimpses obtained in 'Jupiter,' I believe there are great and fascinating possibilities even for the most 'atmospheric' and elusive music, which, on the face of it, might easily be imagined unsuited to a martial medium. There are most certainly almost infinite opportunities undreamed of by the mechanics who had until recently practically held the field in 'military band arrangements.'

One last word. Military training would seem to be a most valuable factor. These 'unwieldy' hundreds could be stopped at any moment and started again, with not even a suspicion of stragglers. What a contrast to some orchestral rehearsals one remembers!

GERRARD WILLIAMS.

#### THE BOURNVILLE CARILLON

The completion of the Bournville Carillon was celebrated on May 1, when M. Antoine Nauwelaerts, of Bruges, gave two recitals, each lasting nearly an hour.

The carillon, which is situated in the belfry of the school, has three separate mechanisms in the tower:

- (1.) The carillon of bells in the belfry;
- (2.) The playing mechanism or clavier;
- (3.) The clock and its chime-barrel.

It was first erected in 1906, when it consisted of twenty-two bells, cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough. In its completed form the carillon consists of thirty-seven bells—three full chromatic octaves, and a new clavier with the most up-to-date mechanism has been installed. There are also two chime-barrels operated by the carillon machine on which eight different tunes can be played.

M. Antoine Nauwelaerts, whose family has been connected with carillon-playing for more than a century, brought expert ability to a programme which included a Bach Prelude, Schubert's *Ave Maria* and *Serenade*, and pieces by Van Hoey and Van den Gheyn.

The evening was fine, and the two programmes given were listened to by a large audience.

G. W.

#### THE BALANCE OF EXPRESSION AND DESIGN IN MUSIC

On March 25 Sir Henry Hadow completed his series of three lectures on this subject to the Musical Association. He remarked that he found two difficulties in criticising contemporary music, one inherent in the works themselves, and the other inherent in himself. In the case of a classic, the whole of his compositions were available. It was otherwise with contemporaries. Their works were growing, and therefore any judgment about them must be delivered with a certain degree of tentativeness. When it was realised what enormous changes took place—always gradually, but very large in the long run—in the development of the great masters, it made us cautious about the present and even more about the future of any contemporary work. The idiom of music had altered much and rapidly in the last few years, and to understand what some of the younger people would be at, required an effort like that of learning a new language. This alteration in the idiom of music affected not only its texture and style but to some extent its emotional content also. If you expressed yourself as emotionally affected by music, it did not necessarily mean that a particular piece of music conveyed to you a particular kind of emotion, or indicated a particular emotional side of your own nature. It did not mean that a certain piece of music was sad because you were sad in listening to it, or that it was merry because you were merry in listening to it.

That did not impugn the fact that the greatest music had immense emotional effect. Music had got behind the specific representation of the other arts, and it did not follow that if you did not admire a piece of music, you were not emotionally affected by it. Discussing polytonality and atonality, Sir Henry asked, What were the limits that could be allowed; were any two notes or any two keys to be employed simultaneously? The question was more important to-day than in any three or four previous generations, because the direction of music had become vertical instead of horizontal. In Bach, for example, the essential point in musical composition was polyphony, and almost all the music of the 18th and 19th centuries, however it might seem to consist of harmonic blocks, was really built up on a wool of polyphonic texture; but to-day if we looked at a modern score, we would see that the essential idea of polyphonic parts had gone into the background. It was of importance that we should clearly see our way in estimating how far our present-day composers were successful in building their music on a scheme which hitherto had been regarded as discordant or incongruous. The test was whether the discordant combination had any meaning or not. If it had meaning, then no combination was inconceivable or not allowable; if not, if it had no significance, then clearly it must be altogether discarded. The question was whether we were going to apply that test of inner significance, whether this modern music justified itself, explained itself, reached its ideal of beauty, communicated its ideal of beauty or not. In music the audience counted for something. It was sometimes held that a composer could legitimately write for himself alone, but he ought not to be isolated, for all art was a manifestation of sympathy, and the audience might be fit though few. People might not see the point of the composer's message, but the idea of beauty which he had got to display must be communicated in some sense. Taking the musical work of the present day, composed by people who were talked about and seemed to count, we might divide the composers into three classes. First, there were those whose presence at the footlights rather bewildered us; we did not understand how they came to be there, or account for their vogue. Secondly, we had what must be in every age, but particularly in the present age of radio electricity, the grammarian sort of composer. Thirdly, there was the real man of genius who was helping advancement in a new medium. Many composers were losing sight of beauty, partly from fear of mere prettiness, which was a good kind of fear, and partly also because in music as in all other arts at the present day, many were trying above all to be impressive, to say something which would startle. It did not follow that every piece of music should be played with the utmost emotion any more than that every spoken sentence should be uttered at the top of the voice. A good deal of music struck the listener as a kind of profane swearing. The essence of swearing was disproportion; it was the saying of something which was more emphatic than the occasion demanded. Were not our ears getting a little bit dulled by over-chromaticism, by over-colouring, and especially by over-emphasis in the music which we heard? If we could sum up in a single formula the general tendencies of musical art at the present day, it would be right and fair to say that it was moving in the direction of design for its own sake rather than in the direction of the expression of any particular emotion, or in the depiction of any object or scene. There was, certainly, a good deal of 'programme' music still, but it was much less than a generation ago. The old romantic basis of music was definitely *démodé* to-day. It was impossible to define with absolute precision the boundaries of expression and design, because there must be a certain proportion between them. In each generation there was a pendulum swing, a certain oscillation of emphasis, and at present the oscillation was tending to experimenting in forms and in schemes of colour. That was hopeful for the future, because it was preparing for some great artist who would breathe a new spirit, a new kind of poetry into the medium prepared for his hand. The function it had to carry out was that of still further perfecting the instrument in its present form, which had only recently come into our hands, and with which we were still engaged in experimenting.

## 'HIAWATHA' AS A SPECTACLE

*Hiawatha* presents, on the face of it, so many obstacles to adaptation for the stage, that the impression produced by the recent performances given 'in operatic form' in aid of the National Institute for the Blind was surprisingly telling. True, the story is picturesquely set, its issues momentous. But it is related in narrative form, in the past tense, practically throughout by chorus, while to more than one of the principal characters no single utterance is allotted. Clearly the most that could be done was to turn it into a spectacle, with operatic trappings. That it was made effective as such is very largely due to the producer, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, having brought perspicacity and imagination to his task.

It was probably by no accident that Longfellow wrote his epic in the literary form that fits it to a marvel. Authors have proclaimed before now—and they should know—that their themes are apt to take over control from them, so that they become, in effect, the very humble human servants of their own ideas. Race, its surroundings and destiny, were Longfellow's chief concern. Inevitably, if perhaps insensibly, they became that of the musician who was to mate note to word with extraordinarily illustrative fidelity, but with little or no eye for dramatic possibilities not then to be envisaged.

Probably some reflections of this kind were responsible for the adroit turning to account of the special conditions prevailing at the Albert Hall, and nowhere else. The crowd must become the sympathetic link with the audience—and here it could be done.

To claim the whole vast arena as well as the platform for stage, and to place at a remote distance, and masking the organ, the back-scene of snow-clad mountains, pine forest, and wigwam, was at one stroke to bring the drama of race to close quarters. Subtly the surrounding audience—or at all events those in the stalls and adjacent—were made to feel of the stage crowd, bound up with their fate.

To this, largely, was the success of the spectacle due; part also to the skilful and artistic management of the lighting, of which the singularly complete illusion of falling snow at the opening of the second 'Act' is a happy instance; part also to the grouping. The sea of hundreds of faces, of braves and squaws, with waving arms by way of foam-crests, raised to greet *Hiawatha* and *Minnehaha*, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Far less was due to textual adaptations.

The present tense had been substituted for the narrative past in the version of the words printed, but—at all events on the first night—the Royal Choral Society's contingent of five hundred ignored the change in favour of words well-known to them. Pau-Puk-Keewis and Jagoo, in default of words to sing, mimed with passable credibility. A ballet was introduced in the scene of the Wedding-Feast. By such devices action was carried along between the isolated dramatic episodes. When these came, to afford the principals a chance—as, for example, *Hiawatha*, *Minnehaha*, and *Nokomis*, in the scene of *Minnehaha's* death—we had a glimpse of something altogether more vital.

The music was sufficiently well done to be taken for granted. Mr. Eugene Goossens is certainly to be congratulated on maintaining control in difficult circumstances, of which the only one where the production impinged detrimentally occurred at the first entrance of the chorus, with whoops that completely masked the Overture. The chorus not only sang tunefully and with careful gradation, but kept up a wonderful flow of appropriate action. The music for the interpolated ballet, arranged by Madame Lydia Kyasht, and most gracefully danced by a corps of a hundred led by herself, was drawn from Coleridge-Taylor's *Three Dream Dances* and unpublished works, and was conducted by his son, Mr. H. Coleridge-Taylor.

The cast was varied during the week, among those taking leading rôles being Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Kathleen Destounell, Miss Elizabeth Mellor, Miss Olive Jenkin, Mr. Horace Stevens, Mr. Harold Williams, Mr. Webster Millar, and Mr. Frank Mullings.

H. F.

## Competition Festival Record

We have received and read with much interest the programme of the competition at Marlborough College. The classes were for house glees, solo singing (broken voices), ditto for unbroken voices, duets for two pianofortes, pianoforte sight-reading, solos for pianoforte, organ, stringed, wood-wind, and brass instruments, chamber music, and composition. Apparently the competitors chose their own pieces, and the choice generally showed excellent taste. It is worth noting that of the five brass soloists three elected to play the cornet, the pieces chosen being *Softly awakes my heart*, Schubert's *Adieu*, and (an ambitious youth this!) *The Prize Song*. The scheme gives an excellent idea of the fine musical work now being done in public schools.

GLASGOW (April 26-May 10) was better than ever—and even a little bigger, though any addition to the size of so huge a Festival must be regarded by the promoters as a doubtful blessing. Mere figures often signify little, but it should be recorded that the Festival ran for thirteen full days, with over sixty sessions, and that about a hundred and sixty choirs took part, the total number of competitors in all classes being round the twelve thousand mark. The full significance of these facts is realised only when it is added that no prizes are given. Very successful new classes were those for Scots folk-dancing, singing-games, and orchestras. In the last-named seven full orchestras and four stringed entered—large bands of about fifty to sixty players—and gave surprisingly good performances of the *Don Giovanni* Overture and Mozart's *Serenade* in G (complete). Audiences were large, the organization as usual first-rate—nothing forgotten, yet with no rigidity in the working—and the Festival wound up gloriously with a packed St. Andrew's Hall singing metrical psalms under the magnetic direction of Sir Walford Davies.—FALKIRK (May 13-17) reported a falling-off in choral classes, due chiefly to economic strain. Excellent work was done by junior choirs, the final day of the Festival being given up mainly to schools. The public interest was shown in large, keen audiences.—THE BORDER FESTIVAL (May 16-24) was this year divided between HAWICK and GALASHIELS. Here again the strength was on the juvenile side, some first-rate school choirs being heard. Instrumental classes, moderate in size, produced some really promising young players.—AT KENDAL, on April 30-May 2, the Westmorland Festival was held according to the long-standing plan now more and more widely adopted at younger festivals, which gives combined performance of great works precedence over competition. The Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Adrian C. Boult, was engaged, and the large choir, formed of many local choirs, gave five movements from Brahms's *Requiem*, Bach's *Gottes Zeit*, Byrd's *O praise the Lord*, Parry's *Never weather-beaten sail*, and Brahms's *All's well*. These works formed part of two programmes. The instrumental works included Schumann's D minor Symphony and Debussy's *Petite Suite*. The music for competition included Vaughan Williams's *The Lover's Ghost*, Byrd's *Though Amaryllis dance in green*, and Weekles's *Nightingale*. The music of Brahms's *Requiem* was sung in memory of the late Mrs. Argles, who was a sister of the founder of the Festival, Miss Mary Wakefield, and succeeded her as president.—A very successful four-days' competition was held at GAINSBOROUGH—the West Lindsey Musical Competition—on April 30 to May 3, the last day being devoted to folk-dancing. A sword-dance by a group of unemployed miners from Yorkshire was one of the features of the Festival.—The thirty-third Manx Festival at DOUGLAS was held during the last week of April, and was in every way a success. It is due to this well-organized Festival that the Isle of Man ranks high as a centre of music. Not many days after the Festival was over a printed twenty-page pamphlet was issued (copied from the *Isle of Man Weekly Times*) giving, for sixpence, a full report of the entries, results, and adjudicators' remarks. Other festivals might take note of this business-like and useful proceeding.

In Ireland the most important of numerous competitive festivals is the 'Feis Ceoil' at DUBLIN, held on May 12-17, with over nine hundred entries. Before this the 'Father

Mathew Feis' had been held at Dublin for a week. A pianoforte scholarship, providing a year's free tuition, went to Miss Myra Jephson. The list of Irish Festivals includes that of PORTADOWN (April 28-May 2), BALLYMENA Feis (May 5-9), and DUNGANNON Musical Festival (May 6-9).

We regret that the pressure on our space and the growth of the competition movement compel us to pass over with summary mention such Festivals as those of STRATFORD and the PEOPLE'S PALACE in East London, both institutions that achieve an almost monotonous regularity of success and good work; and, of a different character, the PETERSFIELD Festival, which produces wonderful performances of Bach from village choirs. The list of coming festivals which we issued last month is an indication of the impossibility of giving adequate record. The great BIRMINGHAM Festival is in progress as we go to press.

## London Concerts

### AN ORCHESTRAL BALLAD

Though its bearer is seventy years of age, the name of Leos Janáček is practically a new one to the international world of music, revealed by the recent success of his opera, *Jenufa*. His orchestral ballad, *The Fiddler's Child* (Queen's Hall, May 3) contains internal evidence in support of his operatic prowess, for it deals with its subject in the manner of the theatre, and perhaps even the cinema, in its quaint literalness. It contains much that is musically good, arranged and combined according to dictates which are not themselves strictly musical. But this Moravian tone-poet has an idiom of his own, influenced though he may be by geographical currents. It has been said that the East begins not far from Vienna. Why not at Brunn? It is not difficult to discern a quasi-Eastern tinge to his Slavonic colour and rhythm. Moiseiwitsch's playing of the Tchaikovsky Concerto was at once impressive and disillusioning, being brilliant but, on the whole, intellectually shallow. (World-tours do not agree with him.) Mozart's *Hafner* Symphony and Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* prevailed over rival attractions, thanks to Sir Henry Wood.

E. E.

### BEATRICE HARRISON AND HARRIET COHEN

Kodály's Sonata for 'cello (unaccompanied), and Bax's for 'cello and pianoforte, have both been discussed on the occasion of their first performance, the former by Beatrice Harrison at a meeting of the Contemporary Music Centre, the latter by the same 'cellist and Harriet Cohen at a joint recital they gave in February. A second hearing (Æolian Hall, May 8) shows that Kodály's *tour de force* improves on acquaintance. It may be urged that it relies to some extent on technical 'stunts.' Of course it does. For that matter, so does Bach's *Chaconne*! But it is also musical, charged with significance, and far superior to the same composer's work for violin and 'cello. Miss Harrison's grip of it has also improved. She makes it live more effectively than on the first occasion, and it is no small feat of 'cellistic virtuosity. A second hearing confirms rather than deepens the first impression of the Bax work, and especially of its rich slow movement. Miss Cohen's solos were a group of Bax, Ireland, and Goossens, which she gave with her usual poetic sensitiveness. Altogether an enjoyable and interesting recital.

E. E.

### A RAVEL CONCERT

It is always delightful, for reasons of human interest, to see Maurice Ravel on the platform, though he is invariably the least spectacular figure at a Ravel concert. On this occasion (Æolian Hall, April 26) the novelty was *Tzigane*, for violin and pianoforte, completed a few days previously, and played with a mastery that was—in the circumstances—surprising, by Jelly d'Aranyi with Henri Gil-Marchex. It is one of those amiable performances by which Ravel proves, from time to time, that there are no monopolies in music. This idiom, with its strong emotional appeal, has hitherto been regarded as a Hungarian reserve—or, rather, since Hungarians will have

it so, a gipsy perquisite. But Ravel, using the same idiom and the same technical means, achieves the same appeal to a degree which tricked some critics into declaring it the most 'inspired' piece of music he has written. It is a striking corroboration of a certain professor of composition who declares that inspiration, in the popular sense, is only another word for skill, not to say cunning. The piece bristles with technical difficulties, which Miss d'Aranyi surmounted with the most enviable aplomb. M. Gil-Marchex gave fine performances of the *Couperin* and *Gaspard de la Nuit* cycles, and Mlle. Marcelle Gérard, despite an exiguous voice, illustrated that incisiveness of Latin song-rendering to which some of our singers aspire, but rarely with convincing success. One new song, *Roisard à son Aune*, was repeated. At the opening M.M. Ravel and Gil-Marchex joined in the original duet version of *Mother Goose*, which at least one critic afterwards described as an arrangement. I wonder sometimes what would happen to me if I fell into the same error regarding some older work of no greater importance or charm. E. E.

### THE BACH CHOIR

The Bach Choir's performance of the Mass in B minor, on May 13, at Westminster Central Hall, was the first the Choir had given of this work under Dr. Vaughan Williams. There was a very nearly full audience, for nowadays in London a choral society can offer nothing so attractive as one of the major works of Bach. The soloists were the Misses Flora Mann and Lillian Berger, and Messrs. John Adams, Arthur Cranmer, and Joseph Farrington. The organ and pianoforte, which were allotted an exceptionally important rôle in 'filling-in,' were played by Mr. Thalben Ball and Mr. G. T. Lofthouse.

We mean no disparagement to the performance if we say that it made the effect, in great part, of being experimental. The conductor and his choir with him were not applying a conventional formula to the music. They seemed to have approached it with fresh eyes, and to be singing it in oblivion of any tradition. It resulted that, although technically the performance did not attain to faultlessness or great splendour, it possessed a peculiar spiritual interest. Again and again we were sharply reminded that this B minor Mass was taken by Dr. Vaughan Williams to be a Mass indeed. The work is perhaps most often rendered in, so to speak, a Renaissance spirit—grand, solid, proud in its unasailable science, proportions, and pomp. This time there was more of the spontaneous and instinctive Gothic feeling. Many things did not 'come off,' but we never felt any of Dr. Vaughan Williams's unconventionalities to be merely whimsical. The good reason for them could either be guessed at, or would, we felt, emerge next time.

What was unfortunately inadequate to the demands of the music was the solo singing, for though the singers were all earnest and good in their way, those tremendous arias simply will not tolerate merely well-meaning handling. The style was generally wrong, attempts being made to propitiate the stern spirit of the music by personal expressiveness, whereas a sublime style transcending mere personality as much as does the instrumental *obligato* is proper. The pastoral baritone aria *Ei in Spiritum Sanctum*, which is no doubt easier than the others, was certainly well sung by Mr. Cranmer, though still with undue traces of a romantic personal expression. C.

### HAROLD SAMUEL

Mr. Harold Samuel's Bach week (May 12-17, at Æolian Hall) deserves an essay. In the want of proper space, the least that can be given is a passing note of admiration. This may for once voice the feelings of a concert-worm critic. In the yearly round nothing palls so much as the pianoforte recital. The multitude of mediocre recitals takes away the savour of the good ones, and the act of attendance is accompanied by a mental protest, however good the performer and however willing the critic is to be open-minded. Mr. Samuel's Bach recitals remove all this preliminary. They are an antidote to pianoforte recitals. No need here for reasoned praise of Bach's keyboard works, or of Mr. Samuel's playing except to say that it is one with the music. At the first recital this writer found all



the artistic enjoyments that pianoforte-playing can give concentrated into one programme. The mental protest came later, when the remainder of the series was denied him.

## NOVELLO CHOIR

The better the singing, the more regret we felt! That was an unusual experience at Bishopsgate Institute on May 1, when the Novello Choir performed a long and varied programme of old and modern English music. The explanation of the paradox lies in the announcement of this as the last concert of the Choir, which now, after eighteen years of active and useful life, goes out of existence. It was founded by the late Dr. McNaught in 1905, and he conducted it until his death in 1918. Then Mr. Harold Brooke took up the direction, and now, owing to a variety of causes (including London's somewhat insufficient support of choral music), it comes to an end. The Choir always performed the best music, and performed it worthily, and whoever writes its epitaph can be laudatory and honest at the same time—which is not always possible.

The programme on this farewell occasion consisted of nine madrigals and twelve other choral pieces, with some solo songs interspersed by Miss Dorothy Robson. The occasion is historic, and the chief items of the programme are subjoined, so that members in years to come may be able to look back and recall their death-bed deeds:

## Madrigals—

'Hark! Hear you not a heavenly harmony?'

'Sister, awake!'	... Thomas Bateson
'In going to my lonely bed'	... Thomas Bateson
'Sweet honey-sucking bees'	... Richard Edwards
'Weep, O mine eyes'	... John Wilbye
'Ah! dear heart'	... John Wilbye
'Weep no more'	... Orlando Gibbons
'Lady, your eye'	... Thomas Tomkins
'All creatures now are merry-minded'	... Thomas Weelkes
	... John Benet

## Part-Songs—

Five part-songs from the Greek Anthology	... Elgar
'Woodmen, shepherds, come away'	... John E. West
'Proud Maisie'	... John Pointer
'Corydon, arise'	... C. V. Stanford
'Fain would I change that note'	... John Ireland
'Who would true valour see'	... Geoffrey Shaw
'When Allen-a-Dale'	... R. L. de Pearsall
'Let me the canakin clink'	... J. B. McEwen

The attack was firm, the balance better than for some time past, and, indeed, very good, the tone-quality satisfying, the expression refined. We felt that every member of the Choir was wide awake and keen, and though the conductor was on this evening evidently playing for safety rather than for surprises (rehearsals, it was said, had been interrupted by the bus strike), he made everything effective.

Why need good things come to an end? Somehow they do! And eighteen years, as things go, is not such a short lifetime for a musical body. Which prompts the question that could be asked nowhere so appropriately, or with so good an expectation of a prompt answer, as in these pages, Which is the oldest choral society in the country?

P. A. S.

## SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Miss Evelyn Scotney, who sang at the Albert Hall, was the best of the sopranos recently come from overseas. Her voice was bright and had flexibility. This latter gift made for some excellent *coloratura* singing, and Miss Scotney is to be congratulated on avoiding affectations in her style. Her one serious fault was a habit of 'pinching' detached high notes, so that the effect of them withered and died untimely. Notes that seemed destined to crown a scale or to be the shining centre of a vocal curve were, after all, rather bashfully uttered, lacking the support of wide-open throat-walls. Miss Scotney paid homage to good music by choosing examples of Liszt, Hugo Wolf, and Rachmaninov, but did not leave the other sort unrecognised.

She however ventured on nothing quite so unpretentiously familiar as *O sole mio*, one of the offerings of the baritone, Umberto Urbano, a singer whose Rigoletto was recently admired at Covent Garden. A wandering minstrel I would have been more appropriate—for Signor Urbano as he sang perambulated the platform from end to end.

In Verdi's *Eri tu* there was a full opportunity to admire this singer's admirable art. The tonal colour was dark, and the character of the voice generally such as responds most readily to the deeper emotions. He differed from the average Italian baritone in laying store not so much by lingual brilliance or lively resonance as by calculated effects of tonal depth and rich wording. He used his breath sparingly, but made full play with his palatal resources. Uncommon singer as he is, he was all the same a little disappointing at the Albert Hall to those who had known what he could do in opera.

From Madame Croiza, a French mezzo-soprano, at Wigmore Hall, we had some of the best of recent concert singing. She seemed to have the gift of hearing herself as others heard her. She was not stumbling in the dark, but took every step with dainty decisiveness and calm intention. Her programme, an 'anthology of French melodies,' was made up of familiar and charming things of Duparc, Fauré, and Debussy, and less familiar and rather less charming ones of Bréville, Roussel, and Séverac. There was much in her technique to admire—how, for instance, cutting off the ends of her phrases with throat open, she caught a noiseless breath and, without any sense of effort, continued steadily intensifying her tone. It was in character a lightly poised, forward voice, but it was not rigidly placed, and acquired beauty from the deeper resonances.

Another French singer, Mlle. Marcelle Gérard, who appeared at M. Ravel's concert, became very attractive when she had overcome her nervousness. Her singing was small, and leant towards speech rather than effusive songfulness. The beauty of it, a sufficient beauty, lay in the diction. This was not heavily sculptured, but was almost colloquial at times. At all times it was just what was wanted by Ravel's neat, witty music.

Miss Radiana Pazmor, at Wigmore Hall, used a good voice with fair skill. The tone flowed freely, the singer's scale was even. But the more we heard of her the more we were disconcerted by a manner and feeling impartially associated with very different composers. Bach and Beethoven to Fauré and Peter Warlock—all found a common denominator in this singer's style, which, in the long run, had to be accused of being mechanically monotonous.

Mr. Peter Dawson, who is principally known by his ballad-singing, showed us at Wigmore Hall that he knows lots of better music, and can sing it well too. No need for a programme when Mr. Dawson sang—his diction was superlative. His 'ee' vowel, in particular, was effectively bright, and his consonants were all clear and smart. Then there was a bold, rich tone and sensitive shading. A capital singer!

Mr. Percival Driver, who sang at Wigmore Hall, was not afraid of the sound of his own voice. His natural quality was heavy, and sometimes he overstepped reasonable limits in his efforts to storm us. But his confidence and assurance of purpose were uncommon attributes in a new singer. He has good material on which to base a career, but his singing needs a considerable refining. Too much work was done by the back of the tongue. He seldom attempted a *mezzo-voce*, and his phrasing was too little elegant. The programme was mixed, but contained good things of Handel, Wolf, and Holst.

Madame Elena Gerhardt was at her best in her recital of Schumann and Strauss at Queen's Hall. Her singing of *Wer machte dich so krank* of the former was exemplary. She reached the very heart of the poem. Her least satisfactory singing was in the *Provençal Song*, which was marred by some hard notes.

Miss Ivy Phillips sang at Wigmore Hall with a mezzo-soprano voice of admirable quality, but she does not yet use it with any great skill. Between good top and bottom notes there was a weaker patch, and here she showed a disposition to 'clutch' her vowels with inappropriate muscles.

Miss Phillips furthermore often missed chances on open vowels of adding depth and variety to her tone. Much should be possible to this singer when she has exploited her resources more artistically. At its best her voice was big, free, and warm. She sang good music of Dowland, Monteverdi, and Gluck.

Miss Evelyn Tierney's singing at the same hall was small but ingeniously sweet. This quality captivated us at first, though after a time we felt the lack of variety. Her *coloratur* singing was flexible and pure, if not very brilliant. Miss Tierney sang Loewe's *Niemand hat's gesehen* in the right tripping way, and we liked her phrasing of Schumann's *Nut-Tree*.

An Australian dramatic soprano, Miss Gladys Cole, sang at Queen's Hall with orchestra. She essayed a series of great arias of Beethoven, Weber, and Wagner. It was a severe test, and it was passed, if not quite triumphantly, at least honourably well. The tone was round and firm, if not quite as resonant as it might have been. We liked the invigorating, open-air feeling in this singing. Miss Cole attacked her phrases with an open throat, and she skilfully linked her lyric and dramatic style. Her platform manner was exemplary.

Miss Olivia Hilder's singing at Wigmore Hall suffered too often from a sentimental depression expressed in a series of exaggerated slurs. In one song twenty such faults were counted. But the voice was of winning quality, and notwithstanding its full volume was uncommonly flexible. Her English, Italian, and German were better than the French.

H. J. K.

#### ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

As the Royal Opera Syndicate has denied us, and other musical papers, facilities for attending its present season of opera at Covent Garden, we are compelled to deny our readers any consideration of the works and performances.

### Music in the Provinces

**ABERYSTWYTH.**—On May 14 the Ceredigion Choral Festival was inaugurated, and it is hoped that it will become an annual event like the Harlech Festival. A choir of eight hundred voices with the Welsh Symphony Orchestra performed *The Messiah*, and Dr. de Lloyd's arrangement of *Llwyn On*. The Orchestra played a movement from Schubert's seventh Symphony, two movements from Elgar's *From the Youth*, and a movement from the Symphony, *From the New World*. The conductors were Mr. J. T. Rees, Mr. Hubert Davies, and Sir Walford Davies.

**BARNSTABLE.**—At a concert given by members of the Musical Society in aid of the funds, the choir sang Wesley's *The Wilderness* and Elgar's *My love dwelt in a Northern Land*, under Dr. H. J. Edwards, who joined Miss Anne Blackburne in Grieg's Violin Sonata in F.

**BATH.**—Bristol Symphony Orchestra visited the Cinema Hall of the Assembly Rooms, on April 18. Mr. Maurice Alexander conducted the 'Good Friday Music' from *Parsifal* and the *Pathetic Symphony*. Madame Lily Payling was the singer.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Mr. Appleby Matthews's Good Friday performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* has become an institution in the town, and this year the audience reached embarrassing dimensions. There was a special rush for the cheaper seats, a thousand of which were available at ninepence each. The solos were sung by Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Constance Taylor, Dr. Tom Goodey, and Mr. Keith Falconer. On the same evening Gounod's *Redemption* was given by the Midland Musical Society. Mr. Cotton was the conductor, and the soloists were Miss Rebe Hillier, Miss Isobel Tebbs, and Messrs. Frank Lester, Leslie Bennett, and Geoffrey Dams. On May 1, the Birmingham Catholic Choir gave Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* and Elgar's *The Music-Makers*. For a new organization the choir sang remarkably well.

Miss Doris Lawton sang very beautifully in the solo part of the Elgar work. Elgar's Sonata for violin and pianoforte was played by Mr. Paul Beard and Mr. Michael Mullinar. At the organ Mr. Cunningham gave an admirable idea of Elgar's orchestration.

**BRAUNTON.**—Walthew's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* was given with orchestral accompaniment on April 23 by the Choral Society, under Miss Ivy Pugsley.

**BRISTOL.**—Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Snow Maiden* was performed by the Operatic School in Colston Hall Theatre throughout the week beginning May 5.—A series of Saturday concerts opened in Central Hall on May 10, and Messrs. Fry & Sons' choir and orchestra, conducted by Mr. Charles Read, gave a programme which included *O Gladsome Light, Hail, bright abode, My love dwelt in a northern land*, and German's *Henry VIII. Dances*.

**BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.**—*The Revenge* and part-songs comprised the spring concert of the Choral Society on April 29, Mr. Hugh Fowler conducting.

**CARDIFF.**—The Tabernacle Choir, conducted by Mr. E. J. Richards, sang Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*, on April 13, with Mr. F. J. Dalrymple at the organ.—At the College Concert on May 2 Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet was played by Sir Walford Davies, Mr. Hubert Davies, Mr. Kenneth Harding, and Mr. Arthur Williams. The College Orchestra played a Handel Overture.

**CARLISLE.**—The Choral Society, conducted by Dr. F. W. Wadely, concluded its season's work with a miscellaneous concert on May 1. The programme included *The Music-Makers* and the *Coriolanus Overture*.

**CASTLE CARY, SOMERSET.**—The Choral Society concluded its season on May 1 with creditable performances of *A Tale of Old Japan* and Parry's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, under the direction of Mr. D. J. Gass.

**DEAL AND WALMER.**—At the fourth of Lieut. Walton O'Donnell's series of Symphony concerts, on May 1, the *Pathetic Symphony* was played. The programme also included Stanford's *Irish Rhapsody* and Lieut. O'Donnell's own *Theme and Variations*.

**EASINGWOLD.**—Barnby's sacred idyll, *Rebekah*, was performed at the Town Hall on April 23, by the Easingwold and District Musical Society. A choral Fantasia on *Tannhäuser* formed part of the same programme, which was given under Mr. John Groves.

**EXETER.**—Bach's Concerto in C minor for two violins and pianoforte, Elgar's choral songs *From the Bavarian Highlands*, and pianoforte music by Byrd and Brahms were given at the April meeting of the Chamber Music Club.

At its annual concert on April 25, the Male Choir showed marked progress in choice of music and manner of performance. The choir sang two of Vaughan Williams's folk-songs (*Bushes and Briars* and *The Turtle Dove*), *Beauty was lying* (C. H. Lloyd), Bishop's *What shall he have that killed the deer?* and Dowland's *New, O now I needs must part*, arranged for A.T.T.B. by the conductor, Mr. W. J. Cotton. Exeter String Orchestra played a Prelude by Julius Harrison for pianoforte and strings on May 8. Mr. Reginald Rudd was the soloist, and Mr. A. J. James conducted.

**EXMOUTH.**—*Faust* was performed by the Choral Society on April 23, with orchestra. Mr. Raymond Wilmot conducted, and the principal singers were Miss Rosa de Rayon, Miss Phyllis Rowsell, Mr. Arthur Cox, Mr. Leslie Wilmot, and Mr. Walter Belgrove.

**GATESHEAD.**—A new male choir has been formed, with Mr. G. W. Danskin as conductor.

**LIVERPOOL.**—A large number of London artists assisted on April 12 at a complimentary concert to Mr. Sam Vickers in recognition of the value of his efforts in providing music for the people. The programme was mainly operatic.—The Philharmonic Society, on April 13, gave a second performance this season of Bach's Mass in B minor. Sir Henry Wood conducted, and the solo singers were Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Horace Stevens.

**MONTGOMERY.**—At the fourth musical Festival in connection with the Montgomeryshire Recreation Association, on May 15, Sir Walford Davies and Mr. J. Morgan Nicholas (musical director) were the conductors. *The Messiah*, Bach's *God's time is the best*, and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* were performed, the Welsh Symphony Orchestra taking part.

**NEWCASTLE.**—The Bach Choir sang the *St. John Passion* on April 15 in King's Hall, Armstrong College. Dr. Whittaker conducted. On May 1, Mendelssohn's *To the Sons of Art* was sung by the Glee and Madrigal Society, in memory of three great musicians recently deceased. Some pleasant madrigal singing was also given, Mr. R. W. Clark conducting. Newcastle saw the first performance in England, on May 2, of Isidore de Lara's highly-coloured romantic opera, *The Three Musketeers*, which has already achieved success on the Continent for several years.

**NEWTOWN (MONTGOMERY).**—The fourth annual County Musical Festival was held at the Pavilion, Newtown, on May 15. At two concerts the choir sang *The Messiah*, *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and *Amser Duw goren yw*, which last is Bach's *God's time is the best*. The instrumental works were movements from Symphonies by Schubert (C major) and Dvorák (*New World*), and from Rachmaninov's C minor Pianoforte Concerto. Sir Walford Davies conducted.

**OXFORD.**—St. Aldates Choral Society performed the *St. Matthew Passion* on April 18, with the help of a string band. West Oxford Choral Society, conducted by Dr. W. H. Harris, sang Bach's *God's time is the best* and Mozart's *Ave Verum* on April 18, with Dr. Ley at the organ. At the close a cheque was presented to the conductor as a mark of regard, and in view of his approaching visit to Canada.

**PLYMOUTH.**—The Plymouth Corporation has just terminated a highly satisfactory concert season. Many notable vocalists and instrumentalists appeared during the sixty concerts that have been given since October last. These concerts form the principal regular musical entertainment of the town, and have done much to raise the taste for high-class music. They are under the direction of the Borough organist, Mr. H. Moreton, who has already given over two thousand eight hundred concerts and organ recitals. One notable programme supplied by members of the string band of the Royal Marines included Schumann and Svendsen Octets and a Mozart Quintet.

**SIDMOUTH.**—The Choral Society, with full orchestra, performed Barnett's *The Ancient Mariner* and Hubert Bath's *The Wake of O'Connor* on April 29, under Mr. J. A. Bellamy's direction.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The Philharmonic Society's programme on April 30 was as follows: *A Sea Symphony*, Vaughan Williams; *Symphony in C minor*, Beethoven; *The Revenge*, Stanford; and *Overture, Die Meistersinger*. Under Mr. George Leake everything was well performed, and the Society's ambition was justified in its results. The solo singers were Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Herbert Heyner.

**STOURTON.**—An excellent programme given in St. Andrew's Church, Stourton, on May 11, by the Leeds XXV. String Orchestra, included movements from Parry's *English Suite* and Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*.

**STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**—In connection with the Shakespeare Festival a choir of about forty boys from Bolingbroke L.C.C. School, London, gave a concert of the songs in Shakespeare's plays, on May 13. An interesting feature of the performance was the singing of different settings of the same song. The boys had been trained and were conducted by Mr. Maskell Hardy.

**TORQUAY.**—At the Symphony Concert conducted by Mr. G. W. Goss, on May 1, in the Pavilion, Mozart's *Symphony in G minor*, a *Suite of Gipsy Pictures* by Hugh Mallory, and a tone-poem, *The Dying Swan*, by J. C. Ames, were played. Miss Phyllis Lett was the singer.

**WOBURN.**—On April 30, the choral societies of Woburn, Fenny Stratford, Bletchley, Amptill, and neighbouring villages combined to hold their first musical Festival at St. Mary's Church, Woburn. The principal work chosen was *The Hymn of Praise*. Two performances were given, of an excellence that was a tribute to the training given by the conductor, Mr. J. Charles Williams, who is organist of the Church. An orchestra assisted in the accompaniments, and also played Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*.

## IRELAND

It has been a month of competition musical festivals all over the north of Ireland. The movement has done good work in awaking dormant talent, and improving the standards of both teaching and performance of music. Since its inception, in places like Portadown, Dungannon, Coleraine, Carrickfergus, not to mention larger and better-circumstanced centres like Londonderry and Belfast, the improvement in children's singing has been amazing. This applies both to diction and to the quality of tone. Before the movement got under way, very coarse tone was heard from boys and girls.

Belfast was visited on April 25 by the Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, in Ulster Hall. The music included the *Meistersinger* Overture, Schubert's *Symphony in C*, the conductor's *With the Wild Geese*, three Berlioz *Faust* excerpts, and pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov and Moussorgsky. Disappointment was felt that Dame Agnes Nicholls was prevented from being present to sing *Dove sono* and the *Finale to Gotterdammerung*. The last-named has never been heard at Belfast, where the orchestral problem is largely one of wood-wind and brass players. Works of this calibre have been beyond local means so far.

On April 12, at the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, Miss Culwick's Choral Society and Mr. J. Turner Huggard's Choral Society combined to perform Bantock's twelve-part unaccompanied choral work, *Vanity of Vanities*. Two performances were given—one (conducted by Mr. Turner Huggard) in the afternoon, and the second (conducted by Miss Culwick) in the evening. Both were equally successful.

On April 19, the Dublin Opera Company of favourite artists opened a week of popular opera at Queen's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Vincent O'Brien.

Dubliners got the benefit of the Hallé Orchestra, on April 26-27, in the Theatre Royal, when two brilliant concerts were given under Mr. Hamilton Harty, whose *With the Wild Geese* was received with great enthusiasm.

## Musical Notes from Abroad

### GERMANY

#### CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS EVERYWHERE

It cannot be denied that present musical production is, on the whole, represented by chamber music. Though the principal reason for this may be found in the actual material conditions, which are not favourable to the development and the performance of orchestral music, yet the marked predilection for chamber music is one of the characteristic features of our epoch, hostile to mere sonority and tending to the expression of what is essential of the so-called *ding an sich*. This going back to the substance of things presupposes, of course, the existence of a substance. Let us take for granted that, latent or apparent, it exists. It would, however, be of great use to remember that sound is part of the substance of music, and that it is dangerous to counteract the effects of sonority by ignoring or despising them.

These considerations are suggested by recent events in German musical life. Very numerous are the quartets, old and new, which gave concerts—e.g., the Rosé Quartet, the Klingler Quartet, the Basch Quartet, the Budapest String

Quartet, the Roth Quartet, the Havemann Quartet—all devoting their work, or at least the greater part of it, to the furthering of new music.

The Government, feeling responsible for the progress of art, has entrusted Prof. Gustav Havemann, of the Berlin Academy of Music, with the organization of a series of concerts designed to illustrate the development of chamber music. Recently, Prof. Havemann's Quartet presented us with the first performance in this town of Philip Jarnach's Quartet, which last year at Donaueschingen gained the hearty approval of connoisseurs. It was made abundantly clear at this second performance that the young and well-known composer, whose beautiful Quartet had first gained for him the attention of the musical world, has, in the space of a few years, out-distanced the greater part of his competitors in his free use of all the resources of modern music—resources which, in the hands of others, had so often produced only bizarre effects. Jarnach, a sincere composer, though in perfect harmony with his time, never subordinates his ideas to dogmatic principles. His linear counterpoint is made to submit to the control of new sonorities, and he is not ashamed of writing really beautiful music. The Quartet had a unanimous success.

#### OTHER CONCERTS

Mozart's *Requiem* set the musical fashion at Easter. Among those who paid homage to this work so full of delicate passages, Bruno Walter occupies the first rank. He is one of the few conductors able to take cognisance of the singer, as well as of the players of the orchestra. The same characteristics that distinguish him as a leader of opera, enabled him to give effect to all the composer's intentions in the *Requiem*, a work whose exalted ideal would so intimately appeal to this conductor's true musicianship.

America is now sending back those singers who left Germany in the critical conditions that marked the opening days of the season. Thus we again greeted Paul Bender and Joseph Schwarz, who demonstrated that they are still supreme in their faculty of inspiring the *Lied* with all the potency of poetic sentiment that so rarely is to be found in operatic singers.

Of course, the critical state of artistic life has not passed, but we have faith that latent æsthetic energies will not suffer the fruits of musical civilisation to be ruined by material necessities.

ADOLF WEISSMANN.

#### ROME

The Augusteum season closed with a series of excellent performances of Beethoven's *Solemn Mass* in D. This work had never before been heard in Italy, and notwithstanding the growing cult for Beethoven during the last fifty years in this country, no conductor had found courage to tackle it. The merit of seeing the possibilities of the Mass, and of overcoming its stupendous technical difficulties, belongs to Bernardo Molinari, who, after long and careful rehearsal, triumphantly brought off the first performance on April 13. Aided by Fernando Germani at the organ, and with Oscar Zuccarini, first violinist of the Augusteum, as soloist, Molinari directed his orchestra and choir of over three hundred and fifty voices with consummate skill, and gained a well-merited triumph from the Roman public, whose curiosity to hear the Beethoven Mass had been great. In fact, in a Catholic country, there must always be a cultured public sedulous to hear how the consummate expression of the Roman liturgy will be interpreted by one who, not professing that faith, might be supposed incapable of absolutely associating himself with the spirit of the words he sets to music. It is well-known that this difficulty was indeed a very real one for Beethoven, who, although he began the work in 1818 for the cardinalate chapel of the Archduke Rudolph, completed it only in 1822, and even then hesitated nearly another year before consigning it to the Cardinal. That Beethoven overcame his own difficulties and scruples is evidenced in the motto which he inscribed on the title-page:

'Coming from the heart, may this work go to the heart.' That his pious design held no germ of failure is evidenced in the clamorous success which, at a hundred years' distance, waited on its first performance in Italy.

Holy Week at Rome was marked by a sacred concert of some importance given by the Royal Philharmonic Society, in which Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* preceded the *Seven Words from the Cross* of Bach's illustrious predecessor, Schütz. The last-named work, heard for the first time at Rome, had roused great interest, but it must be confessed that the reality fell short of expectation. Heavy and cumbrous in its movement, with no pleasing flashes of melodic inspiration, Schütz's score reveals all the musical vices of its time, in which geniality or spontaneous suggestion have no part.

#### 'NERONE'

The long-promised, often-postponed, and eagerly-awaited first performance of Arrigo Boito's posthumous opera, *Nerone*, took place at the Scala at Milan on May 1. It had aroused the intense curiosity not only of Italy, but, it may truthfully be said, of the whole of musical Europe.

Perhaps it would be humanly impossible for an opera to come up to the expectations which have inevitably centred around a work which has evaded curiosity for so many years. The *Nerone* of Boito will certainly go down to history as that opera which most partook of deep, almost thrilling, mystery for a whole generation. Indeed, in the days immediately preceding its production, its problem became almost fantastic.

After his success with *Mefistofele*, Boito turned his attention to the subject of Nero. In the story of the opera, the dark history of the Neronian crimes and the tyrant's terrible remorse are intertwined with the simple and touching episode of the love of the persecuted Christian Faniel for the Pagan maiden, Rubria. The whole comprises the lyric-tragedy in five Acts which was to prove the torment of the composer's life. The libretto was published, if I do not err, in 1901, and from that date Boito zealously worked at its composition. The ideal of his maturity, it became the *enfant terrible* of his old age, and at his death it was truthfully said that he was almost more eminent for the work which had not been produced than for the *Mefistofele* to which he owed his fame.

The riot of contradictory statements let loose at his decease began at once to excite public interest in the mystery of his posthumous work. Some pretended that it was lying all complete and ready for production; others that it had been half-completed—abandoned—all-but finished, &c. It was finally announced that the literary executors of Boito had entrusted the production of *Nerone* to Arturo Toscanini, and then began the series of perennial promises and postponements, until we began to feel that the work was destined to remain a mystery.

At long last, however, light has been shed, and the riddle of *Nerone* revealed. Its four Acts, as completed by Boito, have been orchestrated by Tomassini (Boito left them in pianoforte score), and Toscanini has devoted himself heart and soul to the worthy production of the work.

For a month the Scala remained closed for rehearsals (at an estimated loss of a million lire), and Toscanini set himself to prepare the greatest choregraphic spectacle ever known in Italy. As the day of the general rehearsal approached, the air became electric, but Toscanini was determined that no indiscreet word should compromise the effect of the first night. No critic was permitted to enter the theatre until the night of the general rehearsal, when a few leading journalists were grudgingly admitted, under solemn oath not to divulge their impressions. A few copies of the pianoforte score were distributed at the last hour under the same conditions of secrecy. Invitations to the rehearsal were refused to Puccini, Giordano, and Pizzetti!

In the midst of so much mystery, it is not marvellous if the prices of the theatre went up by leaps and bounds. Officially, the house had been entirely sold out a month beforehand, and at prices almost fabulous. Being a subscribers' night, there were no boxes available; but the orchestra stalls cost 806 lire, and the 'gods' 257 lire. The sale of seats at second-hand, however, went on merrily. An American banker cheerfully paid 25,000 lire for a box, and the stalls went up to 7,000 lire!

So amid secrecy and solemn oaths of silence, the curtain finally rose on *Nerone*, and the elusive work



found itself called to the bar of public opinion to justify the extraordinary interest aroused in its existence.

Has the music sustained this test? is a question which to-day it is impossible to answer. Time alone will prove whether *Nerone* is superior to *Mefistofele*. It must be said at once, however, that Toscanini has amply and admirably succeeded in his intent of producing the greatest choregraphic spectacle of modern times. With all the vast resources of the Scala at disposal, unlimited means, and his own soaring ideal and imperious will, he has staged *Nerone* as no opera had ever yet been staged, even at the Scala, and with such wonderful and indescribable effects that often the magnificence of the scene rendered attention to the music impossible. But in so doing, can it be said that he has rendered a real service to the music?

To sum up, first impressions of the work seem to be these: Musically, it contains significant melodic pages of the highest value, which will materially add to the fame of their composer, whose gifts were more lyrical than orchestral. Structurally, it is often cumbrous and diffuse, and has need of vigorous and courageous cuts. Scenically, it will suffer greatly when no longer sustained by the unique resources of the Scala, and much will have to be modified ere its intrinsic content can supply the lack of extrinsic choregraphy.

To end, I may be allowed to quote from Adriano Belli, one of the foremost Roman critics, whose remarks were published in the *Corriere* on the morrow of the first performance:

"Many in the corridors asked themselves, 'But if Boito always kept his *Nerone* so jealously hidden in his desk—doubting, perhaps, whether it could bear comparison with his first work—why carry it on the stage to-day? Were it not better not to penetrate the mystery surrounding that which the musical world called 'the unknown Italian masterpiece'?' Were it not better that this unknown quality should persist unsolved in the history of our music, to increase the glory of the great poet-musician?" So spake they in the corridors: I give no answer. I should not know what to answer, nor would I desire to do so. But bending my head before the Artist, I think to myself that sometimes, in art as in life, it is happier to live in a dream."

LEONARD PEYTON.

#### TORONTO

A new step in the development of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was taken recently by the Mayor and Council, when a resolution was passed in favour of the venture, various committees being appointed from among the leading citizens to decide a definite policy for the future. Meanwhile audiences are steadily growing, even as the technique and artistic conception of the players improve. Three concerts this month have included the Beethoven *Pastoral Symphony*, the *Flying Dutchman* Overture, Volkmann's D minor *Serenade* for strings, and the Clarence Lucas *Macbeth* Overture. Mr. Lucas, who is well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, is a native of Brantford, Ontario, and was for many years associated with the Toronto College of Music. We are hoping to hear more of his works. Three Concertos received performance, viz., Elgar, by Mr. Leo Smith (violin); Mozart, by Mr. Alfred Fenboque (flute); and Rubinstein, by Mr. Ernest Seitz (pianoforte).

Three outstanding recitals, which finish the season so far as visiting artists are concerned, came from Pachmann, who courageously broke away from his usual absorption to play Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms; Jascha Heifetz, who chose the Beethoven Concerto and a number of small Bach arrangements; and Sophie Breslau, the young Russian who is recognised as one of the most brilliant concert contraltos known here for many years. The last-named showed her remarkable versatility in works of Gluck, Handel, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninov, and Rubinstein.

The annual concerts of the Hamilton Elgar Choir, given in conjunction with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra (Nikolai Sokolov), provided Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*, with Fred Patton as soloist, and smaller works of Elgar, Bach, Bantock, Balfour Gardiner, and César Cui. Mr. W. H. Hewlett, who has been connected with the Society for only

two seasons, has already established his sterling musicianship in so definite a manner as to bring the Choir into the front rank of our Canadian choral organizations.

The Timothy Eaton Memorial Church and Old St. Anne's Choirs, under Dr. Ernest MacMillan, and also the Metropolitan Church Choir, under Dr. H. A. Fricker, both gave deeply impressive performances of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, the former with orchestra.

At the time of writing, the Ontario Musical Festival is in full swing with over seven thousand competitors. It is a pleasure to have with us such thorough musicians as Dr. James Lyon and Mr. Herbert Fryer, whose remarks are providing splendid inspiration for our students, more especially for the children, where most of our potential talent at present lies. We cannot be too grateful for the benefit of the experiences of such men as these, who come out to us from the Old Country. If there is one thing upon which the Dominion prides itself, it is in its desire to learn from those who know.

Mr. T. J. Crawford, organist of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, gave a very interesting Rheinberger Sonata Recital (Nos. 5, 6, and 13) on April 12, an undertaking inspired, we learn, by Mr. Harvey Grace's recent articles in this journal. H. C. F.

#### VIENNA

Clemens Krauss—the young conductor from the Staatsoper who will soon leave that theatre to become operatic director at Frankfurt, while retaining the leadership of the Tonkünstler Orchestra—has produced Josef Marx's *Autumn Symphony*, and gave the first Vienna performances of Ravel's *La Valse* and Schreker's *Birthday of the Infanta Suite*. Felix Weingartner (who bade the Volksoper farewell in an orchestrally remarkable performance of *Parsifal*) will also remain director of the Philharmonic Orchestra, but may conduct only a portion of next season's concerts. His last two concerts of the season with this organization included Borodin's rarely-heard B minor Symphony and Berlioz's *Harold* Symphony, in the solo of which Arnold Rosé, the famous violinist, made his début as a viola player. An extra concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Franz Schalk, was very appropriately devoted to Bruckner's ninth Symphony, to commemorate the Bruckner centenary. The Philharmonic people who have in former years persistently refused to play the works of this long-neglected composer, have many old sins to atone for in this respect.

The Hakoah Orchestra, a Jewish national organization, performed Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Rubinstein's oratorio *The Tower of Babel*, in conjunction with the Jewish Singing Society, under its conductor, S. Braslavsky. The *Tower of Babel* is a work composed of variegated elements ranging from Schumann to Wagner, and contains some Oriental colouring which anticipates later musical tendencies. Another unique concert was that given by the Vienna Mandolin Orchestra Society, under its leader, Rudolf Schmidhuber. In the deft playing of this well-trained body, the mandolin assumed the character almost of a 'legitimate' orchestral instrument, and it was surprising to note the great variety of tonal colours gained from the various instruments of the mandolin family, viz., the mandolincello, gittarrone, and others. The concerts of this Society may eventually exercise a great educational influence upon the vast number of those music-lovers who rarely if ever find an opportunity for hearing classical music in its original orchestral form. A similar influence may be hoped for from a new orchestra organized by music-loving citizens at Döbling, a suburb of Vienna which is consecrated by memories of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Hugo Wolf, and Mahler. It was from just such modest beginnings that sprang the now historical and famous Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde of Vienna many decades ago.

#### CHAMBER MUSIC AND SOLOISTS

The Austrian section of the I.S.C.M. paid homage to Czech music at one of its monthly concerts. Three songs, Op. 2, by Jaroslav Novotný, and the song-cycle *Meditace* by K. B. Jiráek (both excellently sung by Ruzena Herlinger), seemed to indicate that the contemporary lyric

idiom of the Czechs has as yet not completely freed itself from classic or classicist examples, in diction as well as in melody and harmony.

An important event was the recent appearance of Arnold Schönberg as conductor of his chamber orchestra, which, with the exception of Konzertmeister Rudolf Kolisch, consists exclusively of semi-amateurs. Indeed, the sheer impossibility of securing from a professional orchestra the enormous number of long and exacting rehearsals which he demands, virtually forces Schönberg to recruit his players from non-professional circles. And an orchestra of enthusiastic semi-amateurs alone would supply the ideal and pliable instrument required to follow Schönberg unconditionally through the rather arbitrary *tempi* which he prefers for the Beethoven Violin Concerto, or through his chamber music setting of the 'Lied der Waldaube' from his *Gurrelieder*. The event of the concert was the first performance anywhere of Schönberg's new Pianoforte Suite, Op. 23, which Eduard Steuermann played with so much clarity of conception and lucidity of contrapuntal texture as to make these six pieces almost fully intelligible at first hearing. As a matter of course, it is well-nigh impossible for the unprepared hearer to perceive much more than the principal 'voice' and a certain symmetry of sequences and imitations. The supreme freedom of Schönberg's contrapuntal idiom is here approached with surprising adherence to form almost in the classic sense. The six pieces of the Suite—Prelude, Gavotte, Musette, Intermezzo, Menuet, and Gigue—are clearly discernible as such in their formal architecture.

For the rest, other recent chamber music was considerably less complicated and less weighty. Werner Jüllig was heard in a new Violin Sonata which showed a fresh and unspoiled talent, and Othmar Wetzky displayed nice melodic invention in a piece of the same species. Angelo Kessissoglou, a Greek pianist, presented some rather dainty pianoforte pieces by Franz Salmhofer, which, like this composer's new Violoncello Sonata, added no new insight into the existing conception of his gifts. Emil Petschnig, apostle of musical conservatism, made a somewhat futile attempt at reviving the ballad style of Carl Löwe, by infusing it with a strong *dosis* of Brahms. It is certainly not in this direction that the musical reactionaries will find the way towards the 'redemption of genuinely German music.'

PAUL BECHERT.

## Obituary

We tender our deepest sympathy to Dr. Charles Harriss, whose wife died at Ottawa on May 11. It was in the midst of his arduous preparations for the great choral concerts at Wembley—perhaps the proudest work of his life—that Dr. Harriss heard of his wife's serious illness. He hurried away to Canada, and reached home only the day before she died. Our message of condolence will be re-echoed from every part of the Empire where choral music is practised and the name of Charles Harriss stands for an old friend.

We regret to record the following deaths:

WILLIAM DRAYTON, at Wells, Somerset, in his eighty-ninth year. He was a pupil of Garcia, and a prominent bass singer, having sung in opera with Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and other famous singers of a generation ago; a vicar-choral at Wells Cathedral from 1860 until his retirement in 1907; and sometime President of the Music Trades Association.

OTTO M. KLING, on May 7, at the age of fifty-seven. The son of a Swiss professor of music, he came to England in 1890 and directed the department of foreign music for Messrs. Novello during the years 1890-91. He then went to the London branch of Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel as manager. When this establishment was closed, owing to the war, Mr. Kling acquired the business of Messrs. J. & W. Chester, at Brighton, and opened the now well-known centre in Great Marlborough Street. It was owing to the enterprise and success of his management that

the firm of Chester has won its high prestige. Mr. Kling was, however, more than an able man of business. He had an artist's appreciation for all that is best in music, and was a believer in modern musical progress. Many living British composers owe some of their advancement to Mr. Kling's discernment and willing encouragement.

## Miscellaneous

### CARNEGIE UNITED KINGDOM TRUST

The adjudicators have recommended for publication the following works: Arthur Benjamin—*Pastoral Fantasia* for string quartet; Gerald Finzi—*A Severn Rhapsody*, for chamber orchestra; Armstrong Gibbs—*The Blue Peter*, a comic opera; Ivor Gurney—*The Western Playland*, a song-cycle setting of words by A. E. Housman; Cyril Scott—*Quintet for pianoforte and strings*; W. T. Walton—*Quartet for pianoforte and strings*; W. G. Whittaker—*A Lyke-Wake Dirge*, for chorus and orchestra. Composers are asked to note that works for adjudication in 1925 must reach the Secretary at Dunfermline not later than December 21, 1924. They are advised to write for particulars, as only certain kinds of works are eligible.

The 270th Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was attended by a large congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral on May 20. Both the music and the performance were worthy of the occasion. Chief among the musical interests was, of course, the new anthem *God is our Refuge and Strength*, composed for the Festival by Dr. W. G. Alcock. A few notes on this work are given on page 522 of the present issue. With a full orchestra to heighten its colour, the anthem made a broad and impressive effect under the conductorship of Dr. Alcock, and was still more to be admired in performance than in perusal of the score. The remainder of the Service, which included the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* of Huntley in E flat and the 'Hallelujah' from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, was conducted by Dr. Charles Macpherson.

The British Music Society holds its fifth annual conference at Liverpool on June 24-28. The subjects for debate are 'The Amateur in Opera—a Problem for the Modern Composer'; 'Music in Education—the Necessity for a Musical Adviser in all Education Authorities'; 'The Value of Musical Criticism.' Various concerts will be held, one of them being a 'demonstration of the amateur's part in community music,' in the form of a performance by the Liverpool Amateur Orchestral Society and students of Liverpool College.

Unity Church Choral and Orchestral Society, Islington, concluded its second year with an orchestral concert at which Gade's tone-poem *Ossian* and Cherubini's *Water-Carrier Overture* were performed under Mr. Basil Viney. During the season the Society has twice given Cherubini's *Requiem* in C minor.

## Answers to Correspondents

Questions must be of general musical interest. They must be stated simply and briefly, and if several are sent, each must be written on a separate slip. We cannot undertake to reply by post.

Q.—Being extremely fond of music I took up the pianoforte about seven months ago, but find it slow work. Can you suggest any way by which I may be able to make quicker progress, or recommend any books that may be helpful? I have been told *The Teacher's Guide*, by Mrs. Curwen, may assist me. Do you think likewise? I have the evenings free throughout the summer, and wish to make the most of them. My age is eighteen.—J. T.

A.—Your slow progress at the pianoforte is probably due to faulty methods. Get *A Child's First Steps* (Williams, 3s.) and *The Pianist's First Music-Making* (Anglo-French, three books, 3s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 3s.), all by Matthay. Study these carefully, and try to find out where you are astray.

Progress in any case, however, will be difficult if you are working by yourself. The book you mention is excellent, and might be used in conjunction with the above.

Q.—Is it possible to get a list of dates and names checked by payment of a reasonable fee? I notice in reading reviews of publications that the reviewers frequently detect an error in dates or names, even when the authors have obviously taken every precaution to be correct. If it was possible to obtain this service from the review staff (of, say, the *Musical Times*) before publication, instead of after, the readers of the publication would be spared, and the poor author himself saved considerable sackcloth and ashes.—'TRINOMIAL.'

A.—It is usually only a single reviewer among many who happens to be dealing with a book upon his pet subject and is able to 'floor' the author on a few points of fact. It might be difficult to discover him beforehand among the crowd of reviewers, variously learned in the subject, who are ready to pounce upon any particular book. The most that could be done would be for an editor to put an author in touch with a known authority or refer him to known sources of information. If a number of reviewers find inaccuracies there is evidence that the author has not 'taken every precaution to be correct.'

F. W. T.—The first part of your question is fully answered in the March number of the *Musical Times* in reply to 'F. N.,' supplemented by further information in the April number, under the reply to 'W. B.' For Bach, get Parry's *John Sebastian Bach* (Putnams). Your second question is a little vague, so perhaps you will let us know if our reply is a bit off the mark. For pianoforte, *Musical Interpretation*, by Tobias Matthay (Williams), discusses the laws and principles of musical interpretation and their application in teaching and performing. Novello's *Primers, Chopin's Ornamentation*, by J. P. Dunn, and *Beethoven's Sonatas*, by C. Egerton Lowe, may also help you. The latter includes hints on the performance of the Sonatas. As regards the organ, there is Dr. Hull's *Organ-Playing: its Technique and Expression* (Augener). The interpretation of Bach's organ works is fully treated in *The Organ Works of Bach*, by Harvey Grace (Novello), while the same writer's *French Organ Music* (H. W. Gray Co.) is a comprehensive study of the works of French composers from the earliest times to the present day. For lives of composers, get Parry's *Studies of Great Composers* (Routledge, 7s. 6d.). You might also consult the *Mayfair Biographies*, issued by Murdoch. *Studies in Modern Music*, by W. H. Hadow (Seeley), deal (in two volumes) with Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Chopin, Dvorák, and Brahms.

H. B.—Any song published before the 'sixties is anybody's property, to sing or to copy. Most songs, whether copyright or not, are free for all to sing. An embargo upon public performance of a song is usually temporary. In general we would say—"risk it." Most owners of copyright songs that had a vogue thirty years ago would be very glad for you to sing them in public now.

R. G.—Analysis of complete works is outside the scope of this column. The form of Chopin's Nocturne in A flat was discussed in the April number of the *Musical Times*, in reply to 'H. H. H.' The Sterndale Bennett piece we do not know. If the Mendelssohn Study in F minor is the well-known one with a melody over an arpeggio accompaniment, most decidedly you would use the pedal. Before entering for the examination you mention you would be well advised to read a little book, *Musical Examinations: Dubious* (Curwen, 2s.).

W. B.—As regards the Chopin Nocturne you will find your questions fully answered in the March number of this journal in reply to 'Nemo.' We have not a copy of the Heller piece.

A. P.—Names and addresses of private teachers are not given in this column. Surely a properly-placed advertisement would speedily give you the information you require.

C. E. D.—The general practice nowadays is to use the same pronunciation in singing as in speaking. Therefore, pronounce 'bade' as 'bad.'

Mr. H. J. Jeal, organist of St. Nicholas Church, Thames Ditton, writes: 'It may interest your correspondent, "G. L." to know that the firm of Robson was in existence as late as 1860. The organ on which I play at St. Nicholas Church is by Robson, the inscription plate just above the manuals being "Thomas J. Robson, Organ Builder to Her Majesty, Appollonicon Rooms, 101, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.," and on the cast-iron weights for the bellows, "Robson, 1860." The organ is a two-manual, ten stops on the Great organ, seven on the Swell, two on the Pedal, and usual couplers.'

W. D. D. writes: 'Can you tell me if Mr. William Henry Thomas is still alive? He used to be organist at St. George's Church, Tufnell Park, London, where I was with him as a boy. Any information will be welcome.'

H. O. P. E. asks where he can obtain words and music of an old song, *Where the old mare [horse?] died*, which he heard at a Hunt smoking concert in Kent thirty years ago.

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TO THE ENGLISH SINGERS

## BUSHES AND BRIARS

ESSEX FOLK-SONG FREELY ARRANGED FOR UNACCOMPANIED CHORUS (OR SOLO VOICES)

BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY, CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

2nd SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS

Lento

(For practice only)

Through bushes and through bri-ars, Of late I took my way; All for to

hear the small birds sing, And the lambs to . . skip and

1st SOPRANOS

pp

Ah (half-closed) \*

(close lips gradually)

play.  
TENORS

pp

Ah (half-closed) \*

(close lips gradually)

BARITONES AND BASSES

Ah (half-closed) \*

(close lips gradually)

pp

\* Not an open "Ah" but the short "u," as in the word "but."

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An Arrangement for T.T.B.B. in THE ORPHEUS, No. 447; and in NOVELLO'S TONIC SOL-FA SERIES, No. 2405. (1)

# BUSHES AND BRIARS

(7)

(lips closed)

*mp* I o - ver - heard my own true love, Her voice it was so . . clear, "Long

(lips closed)

(lips closed)

*pp* Ah (half closed)

time I . . have been wait - ing for The com - ing . . of my

*pp* Ah (half closed)

Ah (half closed)

*pp* (close lips gradually) *pp* (lips closed)

dear. Some-times I am un -

*pp* (close lips gradually) (lips closed)

*pp* (close lips gradually) (lips closed)

# BUSHES AND BRIARS

(D)

*pp* Ah (half closed)

ea - sy, And troubled in my mind, Some - times I . . think I'll go to my

*pp* Ah (half closed)

love And tell to . . him my mind ; . . . And if I should go

*pp* Ah (half closed) *p* *mf*

*pp* Ah (half closed) *p*

*cres.* *f* *dim.* Ah (open)

to my love, My love he will say nay ; If I show to him my

*cres.* *f* *dim.* Ah (open)

*p* *cres.* *f* *dim.* Ah (open, BARITONES only.)

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

# BUSHES AND BRIARS

*pp rall.* *a tempo pp*

(close lips gradually) (lips closed)

*rall.* *a tempo pp*

bold - - - ness, He'll ne'er love . . me a - gain."

*rall.* *a tempo pp*

(close lips gradually)

*pp rall.* *a tempo*

(Bass) (close lips gradually)

*rall.* *pp a tempo*

*molto rit.* *ppp*

*molto rit.* *pp* *ppp*

(lips closed) *molto rit.* *ppp*

(BASS AND BARITONE lips closed)

*molto rit.* *ppp*